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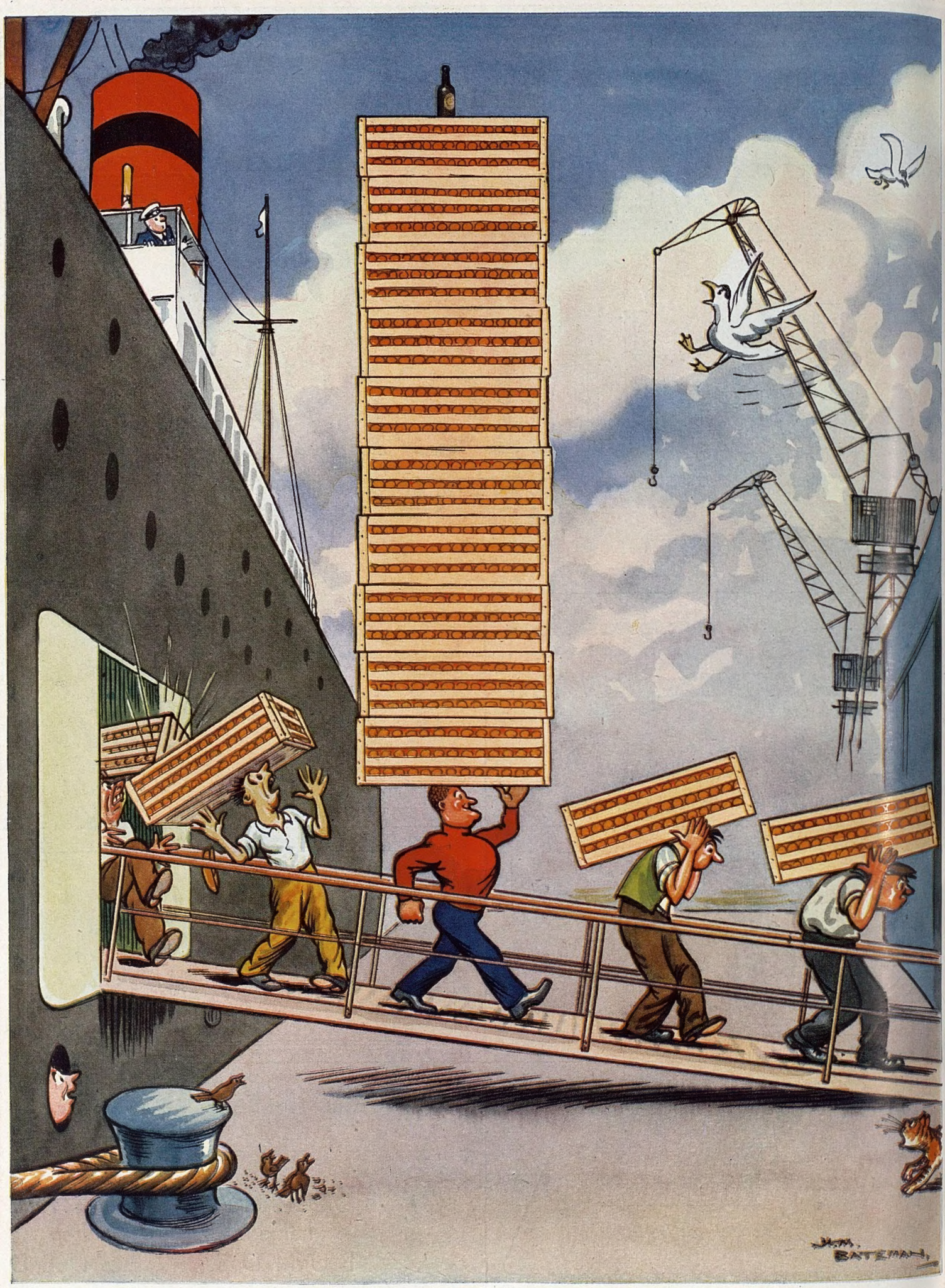

GUINNESS for STRENGTH

G.E. 1237

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP "KING GEORGE V" GOES INTO DRY DOCK IN AUSTRALIA: PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AS SHE MOVED INTO THE CAPTAIN COOK GRAVING DOCK AT SYDNEY on November 15, for an overhaul which will take several weeks

Chief of the many British naval vessels now in Australasian and Pacific waters is our latest and greatest battleship, the 35,000-ton *King George V*. She has been serving as the flagship of the British Pacific Fleet, a duty which she will resume after her routine overhaul in the Sydney graving dock. This picture was taken from the air as the big vessel moved into position: it will be noted that an awning is stretched over her stern, and another on her starboard side aft. The *King George V* is one of a class of four battleships, all of which have seen service during the late war. They are armed with ten 14-in. guns, and are reported to have a weight of armour of over 14,000 tons. The fifth vessel of this class—H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*—was lost off Singapore in December 1941, in the early days of the war against Japan

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

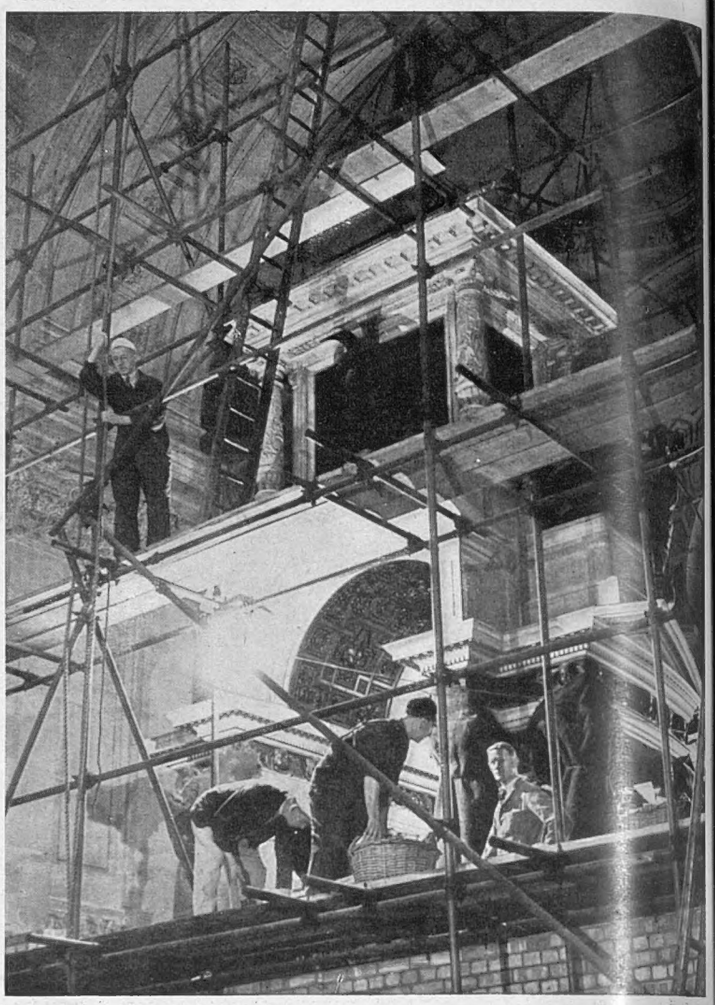
British Foreign Policy.—Great minds clearly think alike; or else Mr. Bevin is a careful reader of THE SPHERE. "A thousand millions want peace and freedom from fear. Are their longings for ever to be thwarted by the *personalities* of half-a-dozen (even sane and decent) individuals? To-day, every leader of a State has a sacred duty, never more clear, to speak for his millions, not for his State or himself. The individual, however great, is nothing. The millions of individuals are all. The great statesman of 1945 is a mouthpiece—nothing else." (*Newsletter* of November 17.) If Mr. Bevin's new bright idea for a world assembly plan does not translate that ideal and truth into practical proposals, then indeed realism and honesty have neither part nor lot in international relations. We ask the nations to-day for a showdown. For the rest, let us record that British Foreign Secretaries have, in the past troublous years, given a good account of Britain. Their pronouncements on our foreign policy have been clear, reasonably frank and consistent. We don't *want* to fight; we don't want to grab; we want peace first and last. We do indeed subscribe to the last-coined phrase about sovereignty. We want our "sovereignties" to merge into a larger, nobler sovereignty. The phrase merely codifies a British policy endorsed by all of us for several decades. One final comment: In the Foreign Secretary's chair, it really matters not what party-political label its occupant wears. Bevin or Eden? Allowing for superficial differences in character, their pronouncements on foreign policy must be essentially the same in sense. One perhaps may hedge his words a little more for extra security. The other perhaps gives more rein to a natural bluntness and frankness of speech. But every Foreign Secretary of late years has spoken to a fixed brief; and that fact is clearest proof that this nation endorses the brief.

Let Justice be Done.—A trial which is unique in history and may last until Easter has opened in Nuremberg. A score of major Nazi war criminals face their accusers and judges in a court equipped by science with all modern conveniences required by a brand-new procedure, a multiple panel of accused and a polyglot Court. Once again, in the age of science, scientific devices will hold first place in the interest of those present in Court, at first, at any rate. Without these patent devices, the trial might go on for years and justice would halt or stagger. Every word which falls must be translated into four languages, relayed, repeated, timed, recorded into, and by means of instruments set up all over the Court. In that strange building realism will produce a sense of unreality. Like the first cinemas of the Edwardian Age, the Nuremberg Court House will be a "land where it is always afternoon," with documentary films, "shorts" and news-reels, and daylight electric bulbs blazing down on those twenty once earth-shaking dictators, now more nearly resembling Long John Silver's pirate crew after a week's sojourn in the swamps of Treasure Island. Before the trial ends, we shall be dreadfully bored by it. But we must go through with it. It is civilisation's first co-operative effort to impress on the nations that war not only does not pay, but that it is a reprehensible business to embark upon without just cause.

"The Weight of Evidence."—In my brief experience of the Bar, I remember to have heard the maxim propounded that the weight of evidence to secure a conviction is not always in ratio to the bulk. In a word, that it is possible to overload the charge-sheet and so to confuse the issue and open outlets of escape for a shrewd defending counsel. If you want to hang a man for stealing a sheep, a charge which you believe you can bring home convincingly, it is wise to drop the additional charge, not so easily proved or so grave, of "malicious wounding of a lamb." The mass of documents at the Nuremberg trials has already confused and worried the prosecuting counsel, and it is easy to understand that the confusion may be turned to good use by the Nazis' counsel. If a defendant succeeds during his trial in securing acquittal on, or the dropping of, a minor, subsidiary charge, he faces the main charge with better hope of success. Presumably, the array of international lawyers know better what they are about than you and I, but it *has* struck me from the first that: (*a*) These war criminals, if proved guilty on any single charge, are worthy of death as the penalty; and there is no punishment worse than, or beyond, death; (*b*) The longer the trial lasts, the more chance there is of a note of sympathy creeping in for the blackguards fighting week after week, month after month, for their lives.

Atomic Peril.—It is possible, of course, to simplify issues too much. No issue is more important than the atomic. And in one sense none is more utterly simple and cut-and-dried. In another sense none is more complicated and hedged-in with difficulty. Mr. Eden put the crux in a phrase—every new scientific invention makes greater nonsense of the old-time conception of national sovereignty. Sovereignty over what? A blasted crater. Ownership of what? Of a branch of a tree which is being hacked down. That 's simple enough, and not only simple, but literally true. Yes, but it takes a century of bitter experience to secure a change of opinion on a vital matter in a nation; and the nations of civilisation, even those of good will, are not in the same stage of political development. Britain and America, after bitter experiences, had outlawed war in 1913. Germany had not. To-day, we believe, the nations of good will have all outlawed war and accepted its total imbecility. But not all of those nations have grasped the drastic and essential *modus operandi* to achieve security. War is a harlot with whom the mildest flirtation is dangerous. Peace is a virgin who demands of her suitors an utter abnegation of self, of vanity, of possessiveness, of braggadocio. Security means turning all the nations at one and the same time into Galahads. And that 's not so simple.

"Socialism in Our Time."—Five years is a long time; political reaction may be slower than expected. Ten years is a very long time. The Socialist Government, I believe, would be well advised not to keep its eye so strictly on the clock. This is Socialism's first free hand, and it is quite determined to leave its mark on England, turn England into a permanent Socialist State, according to its ideals. It is seldom that a succeeding Government undoes the legislation of its predecessor. Even under a party system, a country marches forward for good or ill, without retrogressions. No one can blame Attlee's Government for its aim, or for taking this chance so long denied it, in a very uncertain world, economic and political. But keeping the eyes too strictly on the clock has a real danger. Efforts to move mountains against time must blind the Government to molehills in their path which may easily trip them up. There is indeed plenty of time, first to remove the molehills and then, soberly and sure-footed, to tackle the mountains. I believe the sincerest supporters of this Government may be beginning to agree that first things should come first, and that sweeping reforms of a structural kind are poor consolation for people who are immediately concerned with small, important domestic worries. Food before banqueting halls; demobilisation before nationalisation; homes before Socialist heavens. Better, as Macaulay said, an acre in Middlesex than a principality in Utopia. And even now we remain a "nation of shopkeepers" who understand the value of money and want to see the *colour* of our money and a *quid pro quo*.



THE MONUMENTS OF ST. PAUL'S COME TO LIGHT AGAIN: The blast wall being removed from the Wellington Monument. The task of uncovering the more precious monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral which, at the beginning of the war, were protected by blast walls, has been going on for some time. Already the Nelson Monument and that of the Wren family are visible once more. The work on each of these took two months to complete. The blast wall round the Wellington Monument was approximately 35 ft. high, 25 ft. wide and 10 ft. thick

Blackout, and Gleams of Light.—London was not a cheerful centre of night life last week. November and the gas-workers saw to that. Whatever rifts may be observed—and there are many—they are not to-day and this month rifts in the lowering clouds and fog blankets. At the best of times, we are in the dreariest season of the year and winter is still to come. We must snatch what gleams we can and enjoy them. Item: Gordon Roll is broke. A few years back he inherited £200,000. He gambled it all away or passed it out haphazard to ne'er-do-wells. He has £130 left. "But," he adds, "I still have my pride." I suppose he had just enough sense left not to *put his pride in his pocket*. The English notables whom the Nazi criminals are seeking to call in their defence have all prepared their defences against subpœna. They will only go to Nuremberg as sightseers, not as witnesses for the defence. Lady Astor has (once more) made it clear that the Nazis (and others) never had access to the authentic visitors' book at Cliveden. And I have no doubt at all that she speaks the naked truth. But publicity is a two-edged sword. No doubt Ribbentrop, when he reigned at Carlton House Terrace, received a few snubs and kicks. But he received some flattery and halfpence also, or my memory plays me very false. So did Hitler and Mussolini—and from more quarters than the British blackshirt crowd. Opposition criticism of the Government in power is healthy and essential in a Democracy: This is what Colonel A. Duncan told the Perth Conservative Association yesterday about Mr. Ernest Bevin: "Behind that little figure of Mr. Attlee I see row upon row of wild-looking men with long hair and threatening looks who sit glumly while Mr. Ernest Bevin stands up and says something in favour of our own country. I would feel much more dismal about the future if it were not for Mr. Bevin. I am convinced that Mr. Herbert Morrison and his friends intend to abolish the Opposition." Moderation in all things! If Conservatism hopes for a come-back in our time, it must muzzle its Tories and keep a finger on the pulse of public opinion.

An Old Song.—The first of all my childhood memories which remains clear is of hearing my nurse singing in the nursery, as I lay in my cot next door. And this was the burden of her song:

"As I walk along
The Bor-be-long
I hear the girls declare . . ."

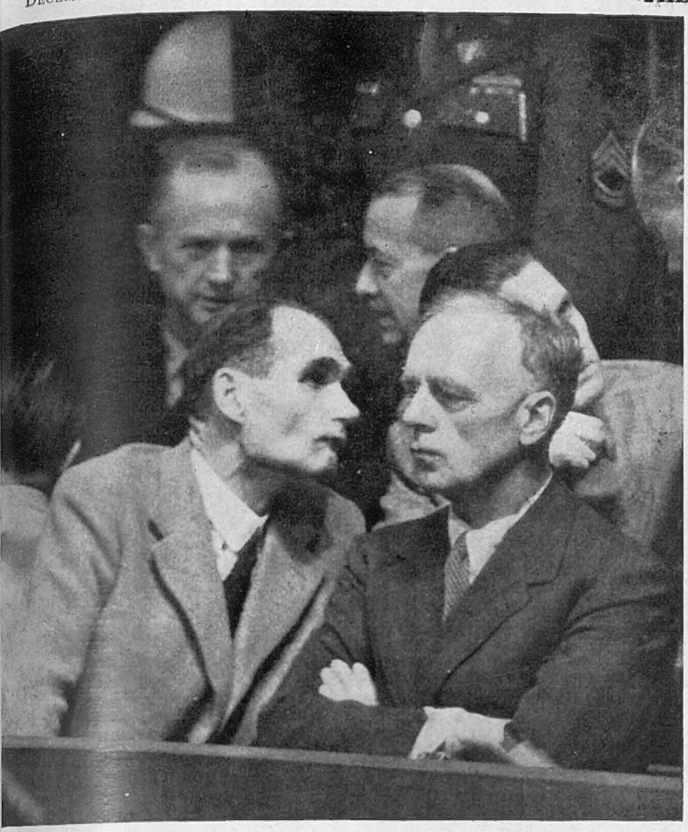
For some years I wondered what sort of thing or place a Borbelong might be. I connected it with "Walking the plank." (There was in my mind about the same time a similar confusion about the Almighty's dislike of housemaids: "Almighty God, Who hatest nothing but the housemaid.") Charles Coborn was singing in music-halls in 1872. His two world-famed hits came in '86 and the following years—"Two Lovely Black Eyes" and "Monte Carlo." How many times, in how many lands, on what a variety of occasions, have these simple tunes been sung, hummed, whistled? Coborn was ninety-two when he died. He was on the boards for half a century. But it was the luck of two absurd little snatches which won him fame. Why does one song out of a thousand catch on? Why is "Lilliburlero" still remembered when 10,000 songs built of better words and better music are forgotten? It is just the pure luck of hitting a bull which the marksman cannot ever see. For it is indefinable.

THE OLD STAGER

CLOSE-UPS AT THE NUREMBERG TRIALS

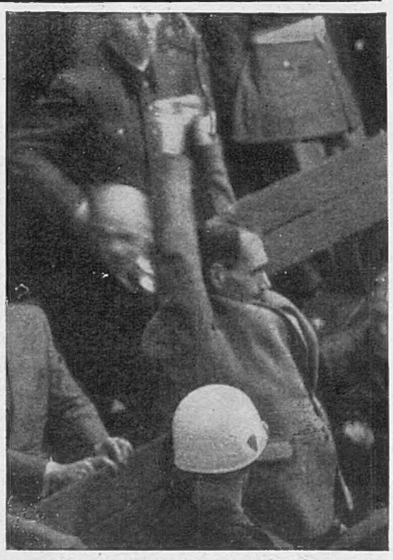
The Strange Antics of Hess ; Pictures of Goering ; and Other Photographic Studies

(See also pp. 262-3)

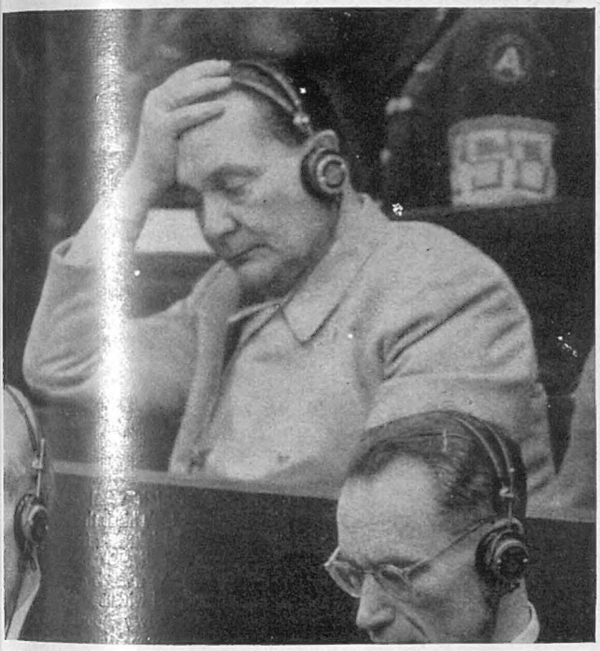


THE CADAVEROUS APPEARANCE OF RUDOLF HESS : After his long sojourn as a prisoner in Britain, Hess is now thought to be insane. Ribbentrop, captured in Hamburg after the German surrender, appears pallid and harassed, the ghost of the former arrogant Nazi Ambassador to London

HESS STARES AT A CHART IN COURT long after the other ex-Nazi chiefs have ceased to be interested in it : Such procedure has been typical since the opening of the trials

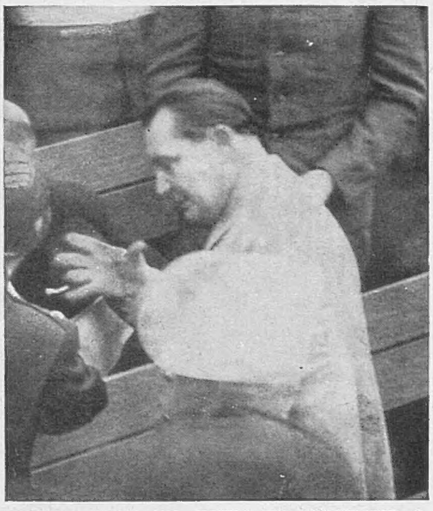


HESS DOES "PHYSICAL JERKS" IN COURT : At the end of each session Nazi Number Three goes through these antics, apparently as an antidote for his chronic stomach cramps

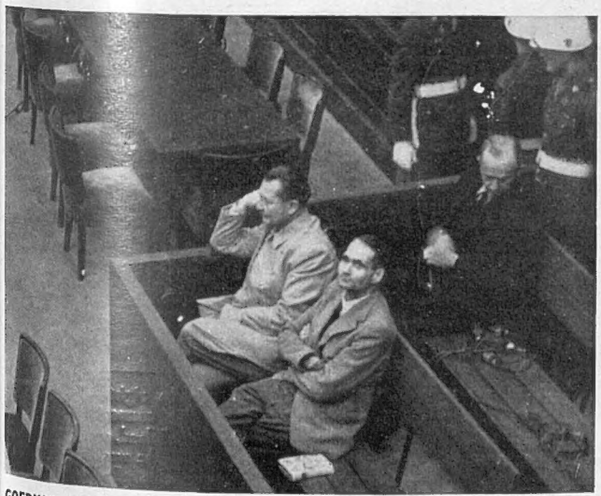


HERMANN WILHELM GOERING, NAZI NUMBER TWO, listens to the proceedings with headphones. He is not allowed to wear his monstrous array of medals, and appears to be very subdued most of the time he is in court

IN CONVERSATION WITH HIS DEFENDING COUNSEL, Goering allows himself to smile at the termination of one of the sittings : but as the trial proceeds his general attitude is becoming more and more grim and despondent, as evidence piles up against him



TALKING WITH HIS HANDS TO EMPHASISE A POINT—another impression of Goering during the trial at Nuremberg. As leading Nazi after Hitler, he is given "the seat of honour" at the right of all the other prisoners in the dock

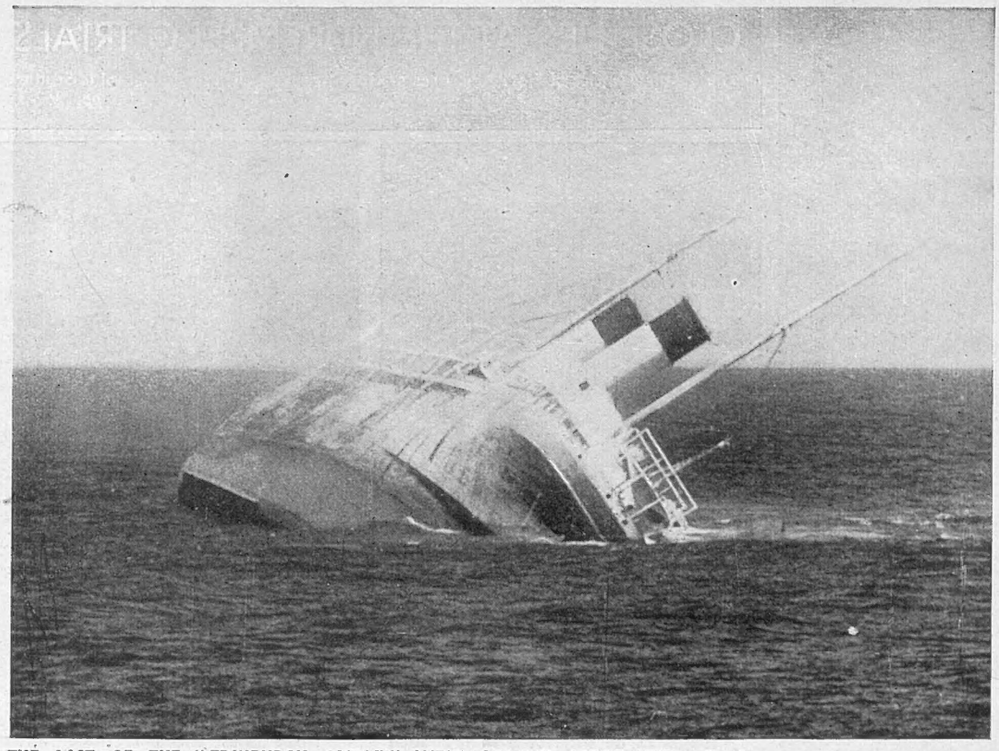


GOERING, HESS AND ADMIRAL DOENITZ in the otherwise empty dock at Nuremberg : This picture shows the hard, bare boards which serve as seats during the trial. The novel which Hess constantly reads is lying at his side on the bench

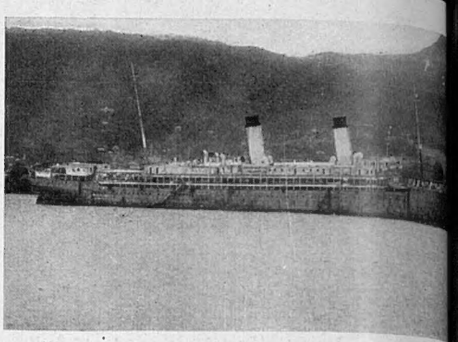
SOME OF THE WAR CRIMINALS IN THE DOCK : Every one is wearing headphones. In the front row are Rosenberg, Frank, Frick, Streicher and Funk : behind are Jodl, Papen, Seyss-Inquart, Speer and von Neurath. Some of the German counsel defending them are seen in the front. The latter are mostly former members of the Nazi Party

The NEWS in PICTURES

From All Parts of the World

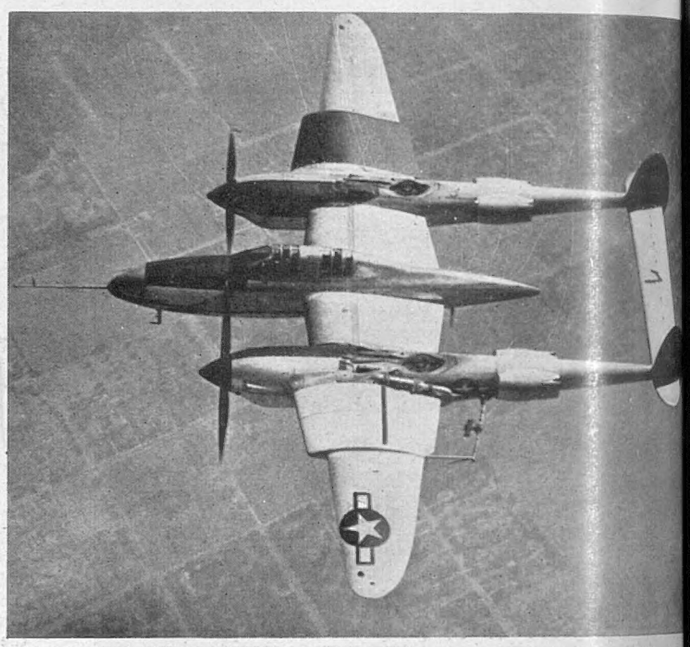


THE LAST OF THE "EDINBURGH CASTLE," WEST AFRICAN DEPOT SHIP: Heeling over to starboard and sinking in 45 fathoms, after receiving her death-blow from the corvette "Porchester Castle"

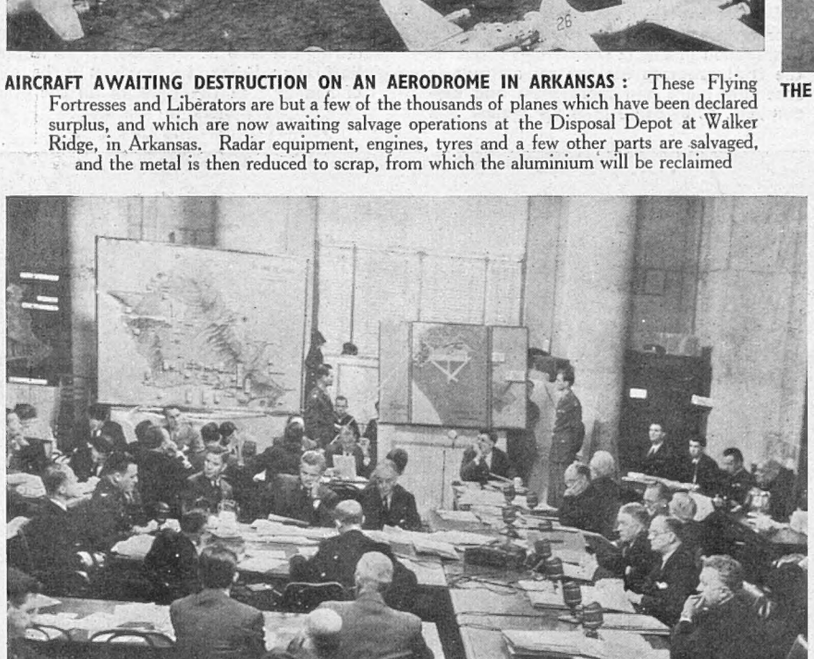


THE "EDINBURGH CASTLE" BEING TOWED OUT OF TOWN HARBOUR on her last journey: After five as Naval Depot Ship at Freetown, Sierra Leone, the Union Castle liner *Edinburgh Castle* has ended her life gunfire from British warships. It was decided to sink the cost of towing her home would have exceeded her value. These two pictures were taken on the thirty-five old liner's last voyage when, on November 5, she was out and sunk 70 miles off the coast of Sierra Leone

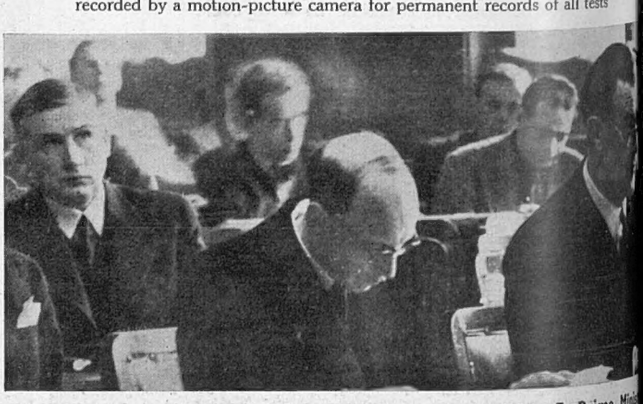
AIRCRAFT AWAITING DESTRUCTION ON AN AERODROME IN ARKANSAS: These Flying Fortresses and Liberators are but a few of the thousands of planes which have been declared surplus, and which are now awaiting salvage operations at the Disposal Depot at Walker Ridge, in Arkansas. Radar equipment, engines, tyres and a few other parts are salvaged, and the metal is then reduced to scrap, from which the aluminium will be reclaimed



THE WORLD'S FASTEST "FLYING WING TUNNEL," in which vital experiments carried out whilst the aircraft is actually in flight: This is the Lightning Sw fish, the experimental modification of a Standard Lockheed Lightning fighter that has testing wing-designs under actual flying condition. It can dive at speeds of more 525 miles an hour. The 5-ft. "sword" protruding from the nose is a "Yaw Meter indicate skidding or side-slipping. The extra cockpit is fitted with special instrument an engineering observer. "Envelopes," or false wings that cover a portion of the Sw fish wing, are removable sections built with contours in exact proportion to any experim wing proposed. Static tubes that trail the wing envelopes may be moved across the w surfaces in flight to measure airflow. Pressure distribution through small holes in the w envelopes is used in calculating lift. Additional instruments in the nose are automatic recorded by a motion-picture camera for permanent records of all tests



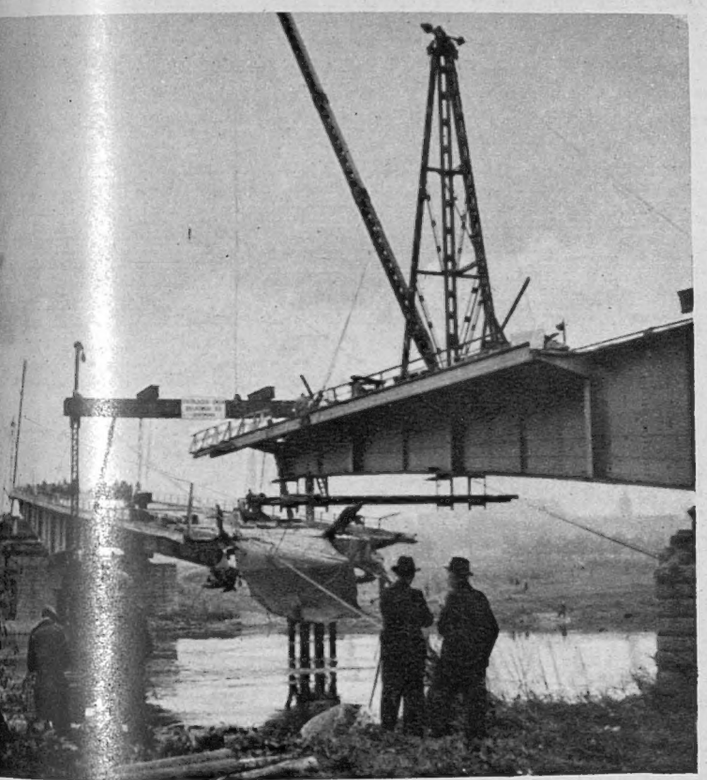
THE SECOND PEARL HARBOUR INQUIRY IS OPENED IN WASHINGTON: Above is the scene at the opening of the hearings by the Pearl Harbour Investigating Committee into events leading up to the disaster when the Japanese struck at the great Hawaiian base on December 7, 1941. The first witnesses, Rear-Admiral T. N. Inglis and Colonel Bernard Thielen, are giving their testimony about the attack. Seated at the right centre are Senator Alben Barkley and Representative Jere Cooper, two prominent members of the Committee



THE TRIAL OF THE FINNISH WAR LEADERS — Left to right—Ex-Prime Mi Linkomies; ex-President Ryti; and defending counsel, M. Procop the Court at Helsingfors. Ex-President Ryti, of Finland, and his seven associ when brought to trial in Helsingfors for their part in the war, contended that t actions as outlined in the indictment were not punishable. Ryti pointed out that reference was made to the background of world events that had decided the course Finnish policy. The defendants requested a month's adjournment of the trial their provisional release. The Tribunal set free the four members of the Fo Relations Committee, but Ryti, the ex-President, Rangell and Linkomies, the Prime Ministers, and Ramsay, the former Foreign Minister, were remanded in c

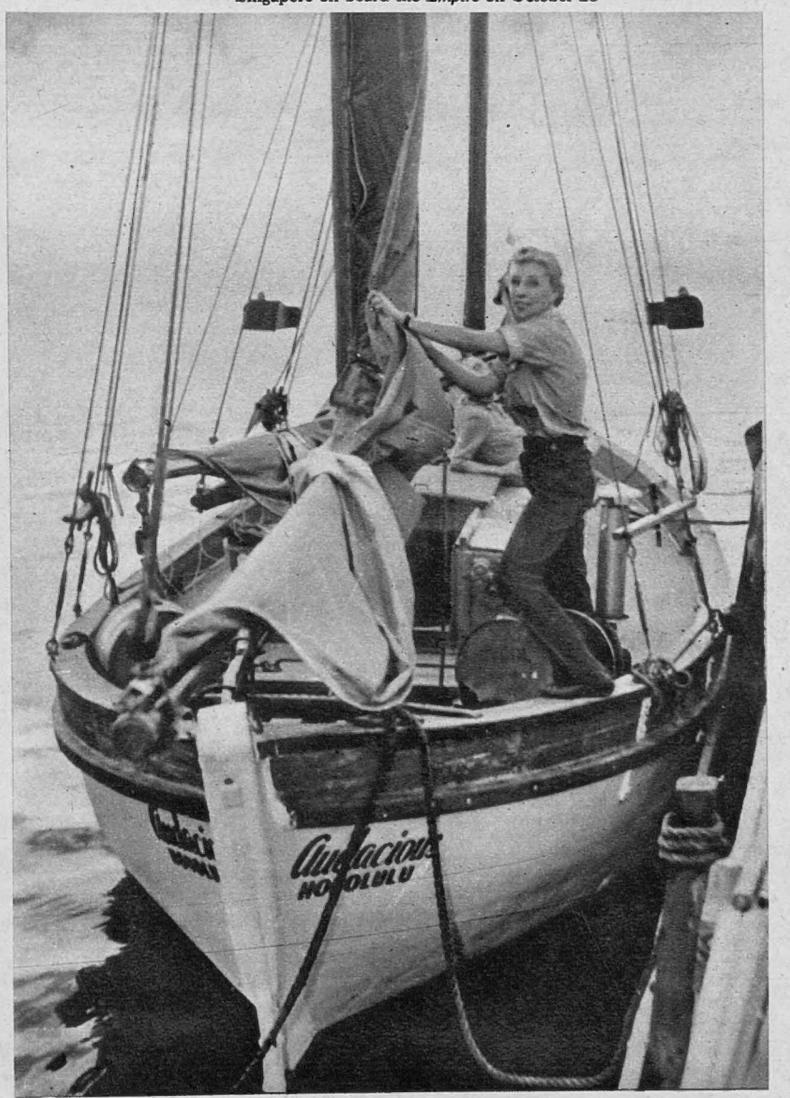
AMERICAN POET CHARGED WITH TREASON : The bearded sixty-five-year-old Ezra Pound (on left), under indictment on a treason charge in connection with his broadcasts from Fascist Italy, is here seen with a United States Marshal, Mr. C. M. Kearney, on his way to the district gaol in Washington, on November 18, following his arrival from Europe

THE FIRST POST-WAR CARGOES OF RAW RUBBER ARRIVE IN ENGLAND : A cargo from Malaya being unloaded at Tilbury ; the bales, which weigh about 280 lbs. apiece, are swung overboard in nets. The first raw rubber cargoes to reach this country from Malaya for nearly four years are being discharged in London Docks. At Tilbury, a cargo of about 580 tons of rubber has been unloaded from the *Benlawers*—a transhipment from Singapore, picked up at Calcutta. It is the second shipment to be made by the Rubber Control buying unit. The first, a small shipment of 150 tons, which was brought by the *Almanzora* to Southampton, was held up by the dockers' strike and finally reached London by rail. A third consignment of 300 tons from Singapore was brought into Liverpool by the *Clan Chisholm*. A fourth—and much larger—rubber cargo of 8,300 tons left Singapore on board the *Empire* on October 28



RMANS REPAIR THEIR BLOWN BRIDGES : How the work is being carried out. Under the supervision of the Military Government in Germany, Royal Engineers and German Constructional personnel are repairing bridges which were blown up by the Nazis as the Allies advanced during the latter stages of the war. This picture is one of a set showing how a 700-ton span of the autobahn bridge at Oeyenhausen, on the Hanover road, was hoisted back into position. It was raised in ninety minutes

MY RECRUITS FROM DENMARK NOW IN TRAINING IN CANTERBURY, for Occupation duties in Germany : The first contingent of the Danes who enlisted for service in the British Army have already arrived here, and are in training at the depot of the Buffs (Royal East Kent Regt.), at Canterbury. King Christian of Denmark is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. The term of service of the Danes will be for several years. They will later join British garrisons all over the country and may go overseas. A force of 10,000 Danes will go to Germany as part of the Occupation troops on the Rhine. Many of these men took part in the Resistance Movement and have suffered in German prisons and camps



THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAS SET OUT TO CONQUER THE PACIFIC : Her name is Tonya Jones, and she is described as a poetess with "a great flair for sailing" and a great love for the sea. Here she is seen preparing her 30-ft. gaff-rigged vessel at Honolulu, before setting out alone for San Francisco—a distance of 2,100 miles. Later, Miss Jones headed into the prevailing westerly winds ; but weather experts predicted that she would encounter rough seas and would be blown towards Midway Island. Her craft, the *Audacious*, is equipped with only a radio-receiving set

FIFTEEN OF THE TWENTY MAJOR NAZI WAR CRIMINALS IN THE DOCK AT THE OPENING SESSION AT NUREM

Ribbentrop (former Ambassador to London and the Nazi Foreign Minister); Field-Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, Chief and Julius Streicher, Governor of Franconia and Chief Nazi Jew baiter (whose plea that he was insane was rejected by the Raeder, former C.-in-C. of the Navy; Baldur von Schirach, Gauleiter of Vienna (wearing his headphones); Fritz Sauckel, in Inquart, Reich Commissar in the Netherlands and betw

THE OPENING OF THE NUREMBERG TRIALS

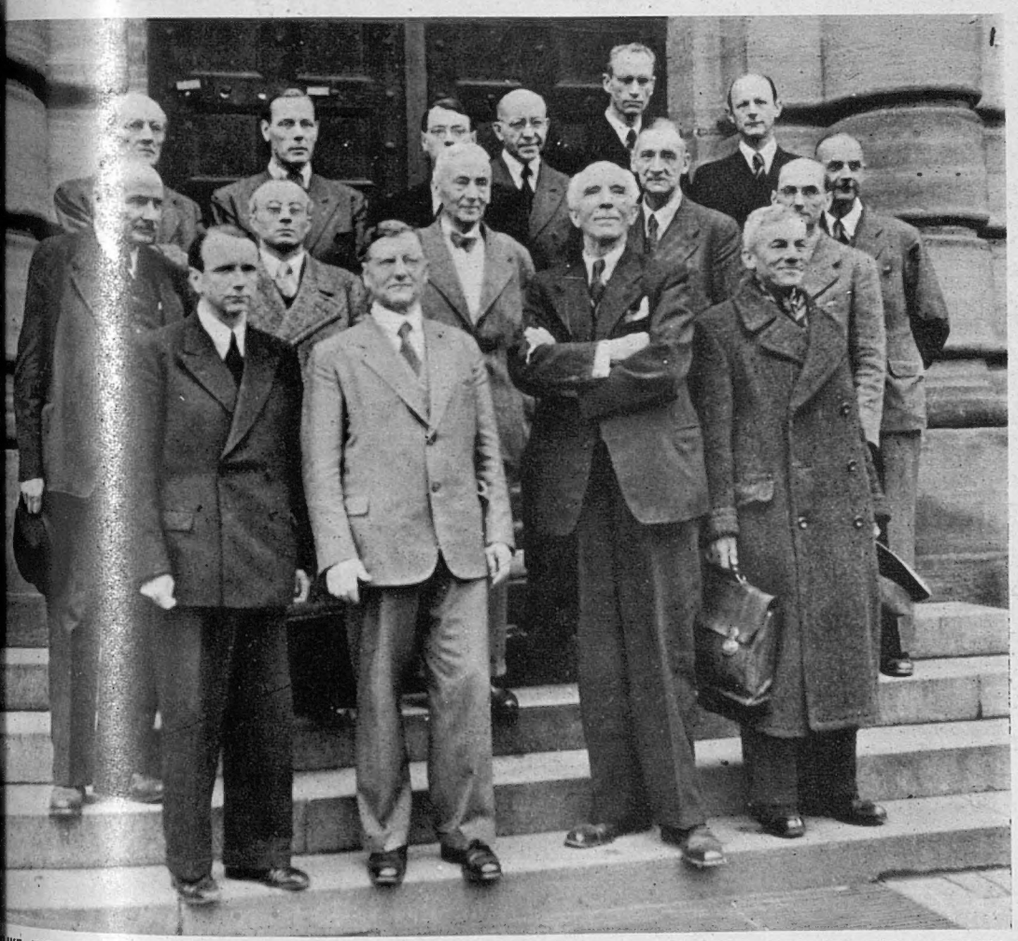
The Major Nazi Criminals in the Dock

HOW THE PRISONERS ARRIVE: General Jodl entering the walled boardwalk which has been built between the gaol and the Court-house, so that the men may take their places unseen by the crowds of spectators

THE READING OF THE INDICTMENT: This was read by the United States, British, French and Russian Prosecutors. first to occupy the desk in the centre of the courtroom was the U.S. Assistant-Prosecutor, Mr. Sidney Alder He spoke slowly and in a clear voice, outlining the main charges against the twenty war criminals

THE JUDGES IN THE COURTROOM AT NUREMBERG—RUSSIAN, BRITISH, AMERICAN AND FRENCH. From left to right, they are: Major-General I. T. Nikitchenko; Mr. Birkett; Lord Justice Lawrence (President); Mr. Francis Biddle; Judge J. J. Parker; M. Henri Donnedieu de Vabre; and M. Robert Falco. All are equip with earphones, so that they may hear the proceedings in their own language. Facing them across the court are the twenty men in the dock, arra in two rows of ten each

he front row are seen the following—Hermann Goering (on extreme left); Rudolf Hess (apparently insane); Joachim von an High Command; Hans Frank, Governor-General of Occupied Poland; Wilhelm Frick, Reich Minister of the Interior; d, from left to right, are: Admiral Doenitz, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy and, later, Führer; Admiral Erich ve labour; General Alfred Jodl, Chief of Staff of the Wehrmacht; Franz von Papen, Ambassador to Turkey; Arthur Seyss-Schussnig in Austria; and Albert Speer, Minister for Armaments



IKE THE BELSEN TRIALS, ALL THE NAZIS ARE REPRESENTED BY GERMAN LAWYERS, MOST OF THEM MEMBERS THE NAZI PARTY: Here is a group of the chief of them, with an indication of the men for whom they are acting

he first row, from left to right, are: Dr. Egon Kubuschok, apen; Dr. Robert Servatius, for Fritz Sauckel; Dr. d Seidl, for Hans Frank; and Dr. Hans Marx for s Streicher. In the second row, are: Dr. Franz Exner, odl; Dr. Fritz Sauter, for Funk; Dr. Otto Stahmer, oering; Dr. Walter Ballas, for Von Bohlen and Halbach; Hans Flaechner, for Speer; and Dr. Gunthner V. rscheidt, for Hess. In the third row are: Dr. Georg eschmann, for Ribbentrop; Dr. Heinz Fritz, for Fritzsche; Otto Pannenbecher, for Frick; Dr. Alfred Thoma, for enberg; Dr. Kurt Kauffmann, for Kaltenbrunner; and Hans Laternser, for Seyss-Inquart

***On right*—First Picture:** Goering turns round and smilingly chats with Doenitz (first in back row). The others in the front row are: Hess, Ribbentrop and Keitel. Others in the back row are: Raeder and Schirach. **Second Picture:** Goering, wearing headphones, now looks downcast, while his companion, Rudolf Hess breaks his steely silence to chat with Joachim von Ribbentrop (right). Rudolf Hess is seen holding a book, which he read through the indictment. **Third Picture:** Goering now has a fit of depression. On his left Hess, with arms folded, stares across the court. **Bottom Picture:** Goering is now thoroughly downcast, while his companions, Hess and Ribbentrop, look blankly ahead

WHY GERMANS are LAGGARD in WINTER SELF-HELP

The Strange Inertia and Lack of Initiative on the Part of the Germans May Perhaps be a Form of Passive Resistance Aimed at Our Occupation

By FERDINAND TUOHY

A STRANGE amount of exaggeration and misstatement is getting out of Germany at this juncture. You are told that Berliners are "walking ghosts," concerning which I can only say that they must have been different Berliners from the ones I saw, and that our local garrison would characterise the description as largely "tripe." You are told to visualise German towns as heaps of ruins, whereas over half the buildings in our Berlin sector are almost as habitable as in several parts of London.

Or tales of enormous pressing into the British Zone by from 4,000,000 to 8,000,000 people are put out, only to dwindle to an exchange of 500,000 Germans from the East, with a similar number from our Zone at the temperate rate of 5,500 a day; plus, so far as I can determine, a likely further arrival of 1,500,000 by next July. And all the time apocalyptic forecasts of the winter ahead for Germans, issued from Allied, chiefly Anglo-American, sources.

Let me try to get things in better focus, at least as regards the effect of winter.

For the first time in a dozen years the Germans are without their celebrated Winterhilfe, which the Nazis launched in order to show what nice, kind people they were. True, the Germans never benefited to any real extent. As with the money subscribed to the "People's Car," the Party bosses diverted most of the Winter Help "collection" (hold-up) to other purposes, chiefly bolstering themselves. A great deal went to pay for Bohle's "Germans Abroad" organisation, now being palely tracked in the guise of fitful requests for "obnoxious Germans" in various lands. Nevertheless, you would think that, sure of missing their Winter Help, the Germans would have buckled down to helping themselves against oncoming seasonal adversity.

No such thing has happened and it is necessary to introduce more balance into the general assessment, lest people at home be induced to part with their lone winter egg "to feed the starving Germans." This is best done by writing flatly that Germans, as a whole, refrained from helping themselves in advance to the extent they could have done, and were repeatedly requested to do, and that a strong suspicion prevails that there was deliberate method in their withholding.

There is no question of advocating a reduction of the aid we propose giving, such as the 2,000,000 tons of wheat. Yet, on the strength of many days' jeeping between Aachen and Berlin and Kiel and Godesberg, observations made and information culled, it is meet to wonder if something hasn't been lacking in our approach, and whether these Germans—the many millions of fit ones—should not have been compelled to take their own Winter Help measures instead of merely being invited.

The story unfolds under five distinct heads: Fuel, Food, Shelter, Health and Transport, and in regard to all save the last Germans have been found slacking.

While the only really successful operation—"Barleycorn"—was still on last summer, the Germans were initially warned that there would be no fuel whatsoever for private use this winter, and that they should start at once going out into the nearest countryside and collecting wood and felling lumber with which Germany abounds—27 per cent. of her entire area. What is the resultant report as the bitter Berlin wind begins to blow and the first snow settles on the Westphalian scene? In Berlin, our persuasive efforts have not produced "anything like satisfactory results." Individual civilians have collected only one-fifth of the target set them, while response by the officially organised Lord Mayor's "drive" has been ludicrous—1,000 cubic metres of 125,000 requested by us.

Move among Berliners and you find this explanation: that they wish to preserve their parks and "green belt." Move farther afield and you hear of lack of proper implements, but also constant rumours of a coming supply of brown coal briquettes. Some folk told me they couldn't walk far distances because they had to conserve their strength. There may be something in this, but the truth, in general, is that the Germans simply haven't troubled, expecting that we would come to the rescue, which we have, in fact, now done in places like the Ruhr with a partial and preliminary issue of slurry. A more important aspect of fuel slackness has led to the relative failure of "Operation Coal Scuttle," by which Field-Marshal Montgomery hoped to tide over the fundamental and transcending need. He has been able to conjure only about 35,000 fresh miners out of many more than a million released Wehrmacht, and this despite his proceeding on something of the same line as Belgium's Van Aacke, who, in deciding to coddle the miners, to "let them stay at the Ritz," acted on the straightforward principle of "We stoke them, they stoke us!" In the Ruhr I found "a new aristocracy" of miners getting double food and coal rations (which operates also for their families, indirectly), but staying away, going slow, and—latest—demanding the whole Sunday output for themselves as a condition of working a seventh day.

Coal being just everything in this Germany, doesn't the above attitude of German coal-getters suggest that our approach needs a bit of flick in it? At any rate, when the hysterical among our humanitarians presently shudder in unison with the Germans, may others bear in mind one reason why the Germans are shuddering — their own slackness.

As regards food, the Ruhr and Rhineland excities—Essen, Dortmund, Wuppertal, Cologne, Düsseldorf—are the danger-points. Berlin, Hamburg, Hanover, are likely to go easier. "Provided we can get sufficient food into the Ruhr, I don't anticipate serious trouble," was a summing-up near the summit. If supplies run out here and elsewhere, again will Germans be partly to blame; in this case the farming community, far larger than the miners.

An abiding memory of "Germany week by jeep" is the fat and insulated condition of those who live in the countryside. They look a different people, more blooming and better clad than any in Southern Britain, let alone Germany. Reason being that they have held on to their produce, eaten their fill or black-marketed. No serious effort has been made to make them disgorge, maybe because it might interfere with the smooth running of military life in the countryside.

The vast farming community has got the answer if "Mil. Gov." does come along, suspecting. The answer is to put the blame on "displaced persons" or just the Russians. Having illicitly slaughtered and consumed or sold, a farmer will report that he has been robbed by D.P.s descending under violence in the night. The lie is common.

Lesser German culpability concerns larder leakages and now famous "lack of initiative." Trainloads of food entering Berlin are turned over to a German Food Office, some of whose officials proceed to take for themselves, or sell to the Black Market, the effect being to defeat a fair distribution of rations. Then you hear eternally that Germans are incapable of doing anything off their own bat, and an example was shown me in Berlin, where our sector is overrun with rabbits right up to the 1871 Victory Column, high upon which—courteous thought—now flies the Tricolor. Though rabbit hot-pot is the very thing for semi-troglodytes, Berliners have had to be taught to use loop snares. But the food running almost in and out of their legs mostly still goes unused.

Only on the threshold of winter did Germans shake themselves from apathy in regard to housing repair and patching; so much so, that the Sappers had to be called in to execute a last-moment housing "military operation." An acute shortage of materials and transport, there was; but even the German mayors sat and looked at the 2,000,000 less dwellings in our zone. The idea seemed to be to crowd into what was going, or else to stick to luxury apartments without sharing. Slackness went the length of using materials to wall up cellars unfit to live in, with the result that the R.E. have had to go round blowing up the newly-built walls.

As it is, many Germans will have to face winter in dug-out conditions, though their inertia is such that great numbers of Canadian stoves, the very thing for dug-out life, are not being taken up.

German health services used to be so excellent that one would have thought that here at least there would have been no difficulty—just honest-to-goodness drive by all concerned. Nothing of the kind supervened.

Along with this queer inertia, maybe partly due to shock and hopelessness, goes something else which should not escape attention in the United Kingdom, and this is the recently uncovered "Deutschland fuer Deutscher" or "D für D" movement whose raison d'être is to make life so difficult for the Occupation authorities and troops that they will want to pack up and go home at the earliest opportunity. Personally, I see an inter-relationship between this sabotaging movement and the new, notorious incapacity of Germans to fend or even to think for themselves. They seem to dovetail, these two German manifestations.

"D für D" prospers in the country, and interferes mainly with transport and communications, thereby, of course, making it harder for the Germans themselves, whom we are helping to navigate winter. I came upon "D für D" in the form of repeated wrong direction-giving by Germans seeming to be all helpful submissiveness. No chance of not understanding; it was just on a par with their reversing of road signs. Another aspect appeared when I gave a lift to a couple of military police. I was on one of my afternoons with a Wehrmacht driver (interesting but smelly), and one of the M.P.s asked if my section was having any trouble with them "because over eighty have vanished from" (he mentioned a nearby depot). Vanishing after being released from the Wehrmacht to do a specific job—such is another manifestation of "D für D."

Now about this apathy and inertia, total lack of personal initiative and of a sense of responsibility:

The popular theory is that once Germans are no longer doing their pflicht (duty) and obeying superiors, they cease to function as mental grown-ups, and that this now applies more than ever after they 've been conditioned into automata by a dozen years of Nazism. Yet isn't there something else, as well, at the bottom of their "lack of impulse to do anything that is not a direct order from someone in authority [Major-General Templar, our Director of Military Government]? This attitude [goes on the General] seriously conflicts with the system of indirect government on which we are relying. We are trying to delegate responsibility . . . to make them do for themselves under our guidance and influence, but always we find ourselves up against this passion the Germans have for letting somebody else think for them."

Can we be so sure it is just a passion? I prefer to read it beside the following from another high British source: "It must be our constant aim to make the Germans run their own affairs. . . If we endeavour to administer the affairs of Germany ourselves directly we shall fail to reach our objective, and we shall leave chaos behind us when we leave."

Exactly. The Germans are out to break our fundamental attempt to govern indirectly, to make them do for themselves, and their principal current means is this more than half-bogus "lack of initiative." I do not say action is yet concerted, but let us get firmly in our minds that more than some German suffering this winter will be of their own cunning contriving and the fruit of tactics aimed at our Occupation.

CONTRASTS IN BERLIN—SUMMER AND WINTER. ***Above*—A summer fashion on the Kurfurstendamm; *On right*—A refugee in the capital bathes her tired feet in the street after the trek from Eastern Europe.** While many of these homeless wanderers are in a sorry plight, it is worthy of note that the inhabitants of the British zone as a whole, have refrained, despite repeated injunctions, from helping themselves to guard against the adversities of the coming winter in the matter of fuel, food and shelter. This strange behaviour is described and possibly accounted for by Mr. Tuohy in the accompanying article

WINTER COMES TO BERLIN: THE FIRST SNOWS HAVE ALREADY FALLEN—AND NOW FOLLOWS THE WINTER WHICH EVERYONE HAS BEEN DREADING. A night scene on the edge of the British zone at a guard post near the Russian sector, where dim, prowling figures haunt the snow-covered ruins—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE FIRST SNOWS IN RUINED BERLIN

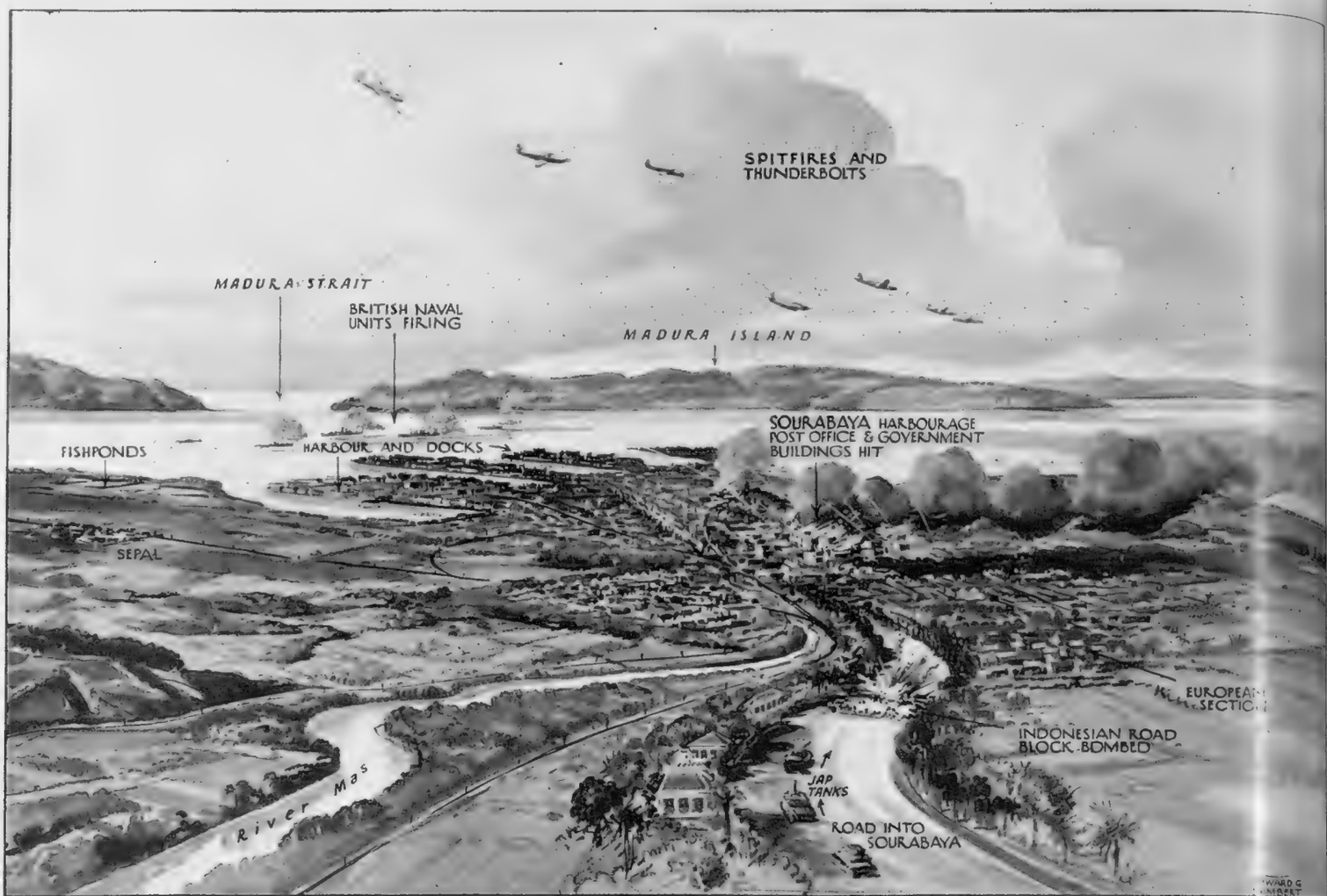
Where a Bitter Winter is in Prospect

On November 12 the first snows of winter fell in Berlin. Later it was washed away by heavy rain and sleet, though for some time the Grünewald and other woods near the city lay under a picturesque mantle of white. Picturesque to the casual spectator! But for the Berliners, full of portent. This is the winter they have for so long been dreading, with shortages of fuel and food everywhere, and with leaky roofs and ice-cold apartments. Berlin has been described as "a city of ghosts"—most of them are war-weary and hungry Berliners: but there are others. At night they come out from the direction of the Russian sector to see what can be found among the ruins. In the four sectors each occupying army maintains a close watch on its "frontier" to prevent the marauders from operating too daringly. How all are going to fare during the bitter months to come is a problem which no one can answer at the moment

"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME," when Berliners didn't care much for the coming winter: Assured of their comparative well-being, the Berliners flocked to the remaining open-air cafés, such as this one on the Kurfurstendamm, to take tea and ersatz coffee. Then the winter still seemed a long way off!

PREPARING FOR THE WINTER IN THE NAZI STRONGHOLD OF NUREMBERG, where the war criminals are now being tried: In the old walled city of Nuremberg, the daily life of the citizens goes on as usual, while in the Palace of Justice the major Nazi war criminals are being tried. The children in Germany have more work than play nowadays, and they spend much of their time in the daily task of finding fuel for the stoves. Here some of them are chopping firewood in the street, near a pile of still uncleared stones

GERMANY ENTERS ON THE WINTER OF HER DEFEAT—open-truck travel on the overcrowded railways: The problem of transport becomes increasingly acute in Germany, where it largely determines those other problems of food and fuel. In the British zone, where only 45 per cent. of the rolling-stock is available for use, the question of rail transport has become desperate. Food and fuel naturally have priority, and the Germans who wish to travel must do so as best they can, in the most wretched discomfort. On some trains even the footplates and the buffers are crowded with passengers, and many pile up on the open goods trucks huddling themselves in blankets against the increasing cold



SERIOUS FIGHTING BREAKS OUT IN SURABAYA: THE INDONESIAN POSITIONS IN THE TOWN ARE SHELLED BY NAVAL VESSELS AND BOMBED BY THE RAF
It is here that General Mansergh's 5th Indian Division (which includes the West Yorks) have been heavily engaged against the rebels. Surabaya is the largest city in Java, with a population of 200,000, and three quarters—European, Chinese and Javanese—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE FIGHTING IN JAVA

Special *Sphere* Drawings of Incidents During the Indonesian Rebellion

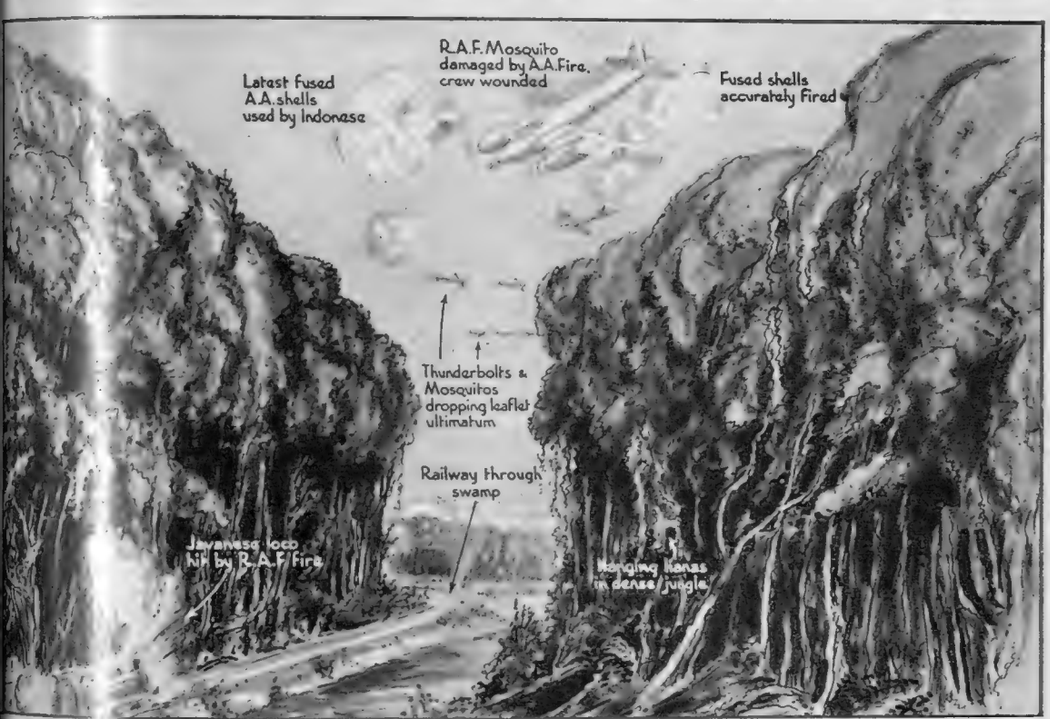
Since the tragic day in late October—the 28th, when the entire British force occupying the city was wiped out during a massed attack by Indonesians, nineteen officers perishing during the assault—the city of Surabaya has been gradually brought under British control. The task has not been an easy one, for the city swarms with foes. Infiltration of positions is difficult to prevent, and causes daily trouble. Several thousand armed extremists have been supported by the local populace. The city extends southwards from the once-busy port area for a considerable distance, through an avenue of cafés and eating-houses. House-to-house searching has had to take place, especially in the lower parts of the town. The determined resistance at certain points has meant the shelling of Government buildings which were being held in force by the Indonesians. British naval guns from beyond the harbour entrances fired on these targets, driving the defenders into retreat. Reinforcements for British forces continued to arrive through the straits between the mainland and the island of Madura

THE NATURE OF THE FIGHTING AROUND BATAVIA: A TYPICAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN INDIAN AND INDONESIAN TROOPS AT A ROAD BLOCK NEAR THE CAPITAL
The rebels charge the British positions and are mown ddwn by rifle and tank fire—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

After the fighting had died down around the Javanese capital, British tanks had again to be called out when the rebels resumed hostilities in the south-eastern part of Batavia. Here, in the Kramat area, is a large civilian internment camp. Few details are known yet, but it appears that riots started after about 500 armed Indonesians had concentrated in the area. The tanks were sent to investigate and, if necessary, help the 1-16th Punjab Regiment. Other troops, the 1st Patialas, were in the neighbourhood and placed road blocks north of Kramat in an effort to stop the mob reaching the city. Two British Indians were wounded in the fighting, and thirteen Indonesians killed

TANK-FIGHTING IN SURABAYA CITY: THE INDONESIANS HAVE BEEN USING JAP ARMOUR AND JAP AMMUNITION DURING THE FIGHTING HERE, but they were quickly subdued by British tanks and artillery. Some of the Nationalists seemed endowed with fanatical ardour, and many were mown down by the concentrated and disciplined fire used against them—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Javanese insurgents, refusing to lay down their arms after the publication of General Mansergh's ultimatum, took up a militant attitude which rapidly developed into open warfare. The bloodiest clashes took place in Surabaya; but Batavia, the capital, also had its share of the fighting. Tommy-gun and machine-gun street actions, often at roughly-constructed road-blocks, were succeeded by the holding of key-points. There, Japanese direction appeared to be evident. Light and medium artillery, obtained from the Japanese surrender dumps, came into use, and later still tank actions took place in the streets and squares of both Surabaya and Batavia. At first there were only a few armoured vehicles available to the British forces, but a skeleton battalion of the Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers, consisting of Sherman tanks and Sherman "carrier" tanks, later arrived and strengthened the British position. The Indonesians have suffered casualties in all these encounters. Several Jap tanks have been captured, the enemy lacking the necessary ammunition to continue to serve them



On left—

Flying over Java presents great difficulties. Thunderstorms are frequent; the East Indian string of islands are notorious for electrical disturbances. Then dense forest alternates with steep volcanic cones which are not all quiescent. It is not an easy flying country. Added to this, Indonesian A.-A. gun-fire began to prove very accurate; there was no doubt that the latest-fused ammunition was being used. Coupled with the low-flying tactics employed to ensure accuracy of target-hitting, the planes have naturally run considerable risks. The result is that the small air force assembled on the island has been considerably reduced in fighting strength; replacements for repairs have not been readily available. In the drawing on the left, Mosquitos are shown flying over some of the dense tropical jungle encountered in Central Java. Sluggish streams wind their way through the dark jungle, against which bleached skeletons of dead trees stand out weirdly. The pallid blossoms of strangling creepers hang in fantastic festoons. Some of the railway lines penetrate these dismal, swampy areas. The R.A.F. have been shooting-up locomotives which appeared to be moving native troops

THE R.A.F. OVER THE JAVA JUNGLES, WHERE THE ENEMY HAVE BEEN CONCENTRATING AROUND SURABAYA: The Indonesians have been using mortars, artillery and the newest-fused A.-A. ammunition against our aircraft—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See note at right)

BRITISH TANKS LEAVE ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN BATAVIA and move through the city streets to meet the insurgents: Small pockets of Indonesian resistance are being wiped out by this means. Many of the tanks are manned by Indian troops

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY AT SINGAPORE MOVING OFF TO JAVA: In the foreground of this view is the County-class cruiser "Sussex"; beyond is another cruiser (at the extreme right) and three minesweepers. Units at Singapore left for Surabaya when the Indonesians broke out into rebellion there

THE BRITISH NAVY GUARDS THE SEA-COAST OF PALESTINE: THE SCENE OFF THE PORT OF HAIFA, where British troops were recently landed, to reinforce the 50,000 already engaged in the quelling of disorder throughout the country—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

As a measure against sabotage, the curfew imposed in rural districts in Palestine when the disorders were at their height was extended to the whole of the Palestine coast, with the exception of certain built-up areas. This measure applied to Haifa and the industrial region east of the port, where the terminus of the Iraq pipe-line, the oil refineries and the Palestine Electric Corporation are situated. Warships of the Royal Navy have been patrolling the waters around Haifa; and it is through this port that several thousand officers and men have passed on their way to reinforce the 50,000 troops already in the country. On land, armed guards have been patrolling and maintaining posts to guard against terrorist activities by armed rebels

The FERMENT in PALESTINE

The Outbreaks at Tel-Aviv and Haifa

OFFSHORE AT HAIFA: THE RUMANIAN SHIP "TRANSYLVANIA," the last refugee vessel to reach the shores of Palestine under the White Paper quota, rides at anchor in the harbour. She was crowded with immigrants from Central Europe, anxious for their first glimpse of the Promised Land

The beginning of November marked the opening of Jewish terrorist attacks in Palestine. A systematic assault upon the railways, during which the lines were cut in over 100 places, showed that it was no mere isolated instance. For three days there was no rail communication with Egypt. At Lydda the stone and concrete signal-box was demolished, covering forces of armed men protecting those who were laying the charges for its destruction.

At Tel Aviv, the modern Jewish city built since the National Home for Jews began, there has been considerable rioting, setting fire to Government offices and looting of big stores. Fire brigades were prevented from putting out the fires. Troops had to be called out, who fired low on the crowd to disperse the rioters. Since then a severe curfew has been imposed and things have quietened down for the time being. Armoured cars patrolled the streets, and reinforcements of the British 6th Airborne Division arrived. Many of the British had been injured by stone-throwing from men on roof-tops. The curfew was lifted on November 20.

At Haifa the harbour has been busy with the landing of troops, Mr. Bevin having declared there will be no yielding to force. But in spite of all precautions and mobile patrols, sudden attacks of well-armed Jews can overcome guards, as was the case at the Clearance Camp near Haifa, when some truckloads of Jews cut through the barbed-wire fence, releasing the Jewish immigrants imprisoned there. Haifa is generally less disturbed than other cities: it is such a thriving, busy city, with everyone occupied, that there is less racial animosities than elsewhere. Since the oil pipe-line was brought to Haifa the population has grown three times larger.

AFTER THE LANDING FROM THE "TRANSYLVANIA": Note the contrast between the three typical orthodox Jews from Central Europe and the more modern types of immigrant. Peace! Peace! was the greeting in Hebrew of the crowd which thronged the quay-side as the last thousand immigrants stepped ashore at the Palestine port of Haifa. Those in the crowd were no idle sightseers. Anxiously they searched the faces of the immigrants, many of whom were so changed by suffering that they were scarcely recognisable as the loved ones who years ago had been left behind to endure the terrors of Europe. It was a moving sight when, with the sun just creeping over the horizon, tugs fussed round the Rumanian ship *Transylvania*, nosing her way through the harbour entrance. Her sides were packed with silent, wondering people; babies were held up to give them their first glimpse of the Promised Land. Refugees of seventy jostled with teen-age girls for a better view before the latest—and last—batch of immigrants were whisked off to a special Reception Camp

IN THE BUS "EN ROUTE" TO THE RECEPTION CAMP after landing from the "Transylvania" at Haifa

***On right*—A JEWISH DEMONSTRATION IN JERUSALEM:** On the recent anniversary of the issue of the British White Paper of 1939, which banned the immigration of Jews into Palestine, parades and demonstrations were held throughout the Jewish settlements. This one was held in Jerusalem, but there was no disorder. The inscription on the banner reads: "The Year of the White Paper"

THE CENTRE OF THE MOST SERIOUS DISTURBANCES IN PALESTINE: THE MODERN JEWISH CENTRE OF TEL AVIV, ON THE COAST NEAR THE ANCIENT ARAB TOWN OF JAFFA, where outbreaks of rioting were quelled by British airborne troops. This drawing shows the contrast between the two places: Tel Aviv is almost entirely Jewish, and of very modern construction—*Drawing by Percy Home*

IN TEL AVIV DURING THE RIOTS: Armoured cars of the 6th Parachute Division in front of the Citrus Building, which is now the office of the Town Major. They are waiting for orders to begin the day's patrols through the city. In the background people are watching the troops from the balconies of apartment houses

AN ARMOURED CAR, WITH A LOUD-SPEAKER ATTACHED TO ITS TOP, tells the inhabitants of Tel Aviv to "stay inside and obey the law": These warnings were given in English and Hebrew. Nearer the camera, British soldiers are seen on guard at the corner of a street

A SOLITARY FIREMAN PLAYS HIS HOSE ON TO THE BURNING REMAINS OF AN ARMY LORRY which was stoned and then set on fire as it passed through Tel Aviv during the riots

BRITISH PARATROOPERS ARE HERE FILING THROUGH THE STREETS OF TEL AVIV on their way to take up positions in the city, ready for any further trouble from the rioters. Note the ultra-modern type of building

Although there is a lull in the rioting which broke out recently in Tel Aviv, the situation in that city has been described as an "uneasy lull." British troops continue to carry out patrols, keeping a sharp lookout for further trouble. It is estimated that £200,000 of damage has resulted from the recent outbursts. The curfew which had been imposed indefinitely on the town was lifted on November 20 and will not be imposed again unless further outbursts were experienced. Tel Aviv is the very modern settlement—almost entirely Jewish—which faces Jaffa across the bay overlooking the Mediterranean

"THE THROAT OF EMPIRE"

The Road to the East, by way of the Mediterranean

The future of Italy's Colonial possessions is a matter which no longer concerns Italy alone—it vitally concerns the Great Powers. Russia's claim to Tripolitania has not been underlined in International comment recently, but the claim evidently still stands, as was evidenced by Mr. Bevin's recent vigorous outburst in the House of Commons. Italians desire especially the retention of Eritrea, which is presumably no longer a danger to Abyssinia (which, on her part, desires the port of Assab, on the Red Sea).

Mr. Bevin in his statement also referred to "the difficult question" of the Italian-Yugoslav frontier. The Council of Powers which recently met in London had agreed to hear the views of the Governments of Yugoslavia and Italy, as well as Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. Trieste, for the present, remains under British Military control. The Council instructed their deputies to report on a line which left the minimum population under alien rule. The cession of the Dodecanese to Greece was also proposed.

The equally difficult subject of the future of Tripolitania was, for the time being, disposed of by British support being given to the American suggestion that Italy's main overseas territories "should be placed under a trusteeship formed by the United Nations Organisation as a whole."

Intimately connected with this Near Eastern area is the future of the Dardanelles. Geographical factors have put Turkey in possession of a narrow waterway which cuts right through her present northern possessions. The Big Three discussed this matter at Potsdam, and all agreed to approach Turkey in conversations. Little progress, if any, seems to have been made in obtaining amicable concessions. Mr. Byrnes, U.S. Secretary of State, declared that his country had communicated with Turkey, but was unable to say what action Britain and the Soviet had taken. Mr. Truman recently admitted that we were in a difficult phase of international relations in all these matters.

THE FATE OF ITALY'S OVERSEAS POSSESSIONS: The Russians want some of the North African territories captured by the British, as well as the Dardanelles—hence Mr. Bevin's recent reference to the "Empire's throat." This special diagram shows the Mediterranean and Red Sea territories whose future is now in doubt—*(See notes at left)*

MALTA IS AGAIN A KEY-POINT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: After war service, H.M.S. "Rotherham" steams past Fort St. Angelo on her way out of the Grand Harbour at Valetta on the way home to the United Kingdom. The destroyer is flying her paying-off pennant

IN TRIESTE, TROUBLE-SPOT IN THE ADRIATIC, one of the Italian police questions a civilian. The policeman is wearing the brassard issued to him by the Allied Military Government, to indicate his authority in civil matters

PICTURES FROM VIENNA

Under the Russian and British Occupation

FOR THE REPAIR OF VIENNA'S FAMOUS OPERA HOUSE: This was badly damaged by bombs during the war; a Russian officer is here handing over £25,000 (1,000,000 Austrian schillings) to the Director to help pay for its rehabilitation

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IS CELEBRATED IN VIENNA: The scene in the ball-room of the Hofburg Palace, where the reception was attended by Marshal Koniev and General McCreery, British Commander

DR. KARL RENNER, AUSTRIAN PRIME MINISTER, AND HIGH-RANKING RUSSIAN OFFICERS applaud Marshal Koniev's speech during the celebrations at the Hofburg: The commanders of the Allied occupation forces in Austria, General McCreery (Britain), General Clark (United States), and General Bethouard (France), were guests of honour at a reception in the Hofburg Palace, given by Marshal Koniev, the Soviet Commander, to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution. Many Austrians, including Dr. Renner, were also present

VOLUNTEER WORKERS ENGAGED ON A BOMB-DAMAGED BUILDING IN THE AUSTRIAN CAPITAL: These people have undertaken to clear away the debris from the city

A CAMP FOR DISPLACED PERSONS IN AUSTRIA: Polish refugees report to the Camp Office, where a British sergeant takes particulars of their former home and other details. One of the greatest problems which have faced Allied occupation forces since the cessation of hostilities in Europe is the care and resettlement of displaced persons. British troops have set up many camps in Southern Austria to house and feed these homeless people, until such time as they can be returned to their native lands. Fresh batches are constantly brought into camps, sorted, and cared for until their repatriation. So well-organised are the camps that many of the refugees are unwilling to return home when their turn comes

THE CHEERFUL WOMEN OF VIENNA, armed with picks and shovels, march off to work: They have volunteered to work on the city's bomb debris without pay, thus following the lead of the women of Berlin

DURING THE STRUGGLE OF GENERAL DE GAULLE AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS : STUDENTS OF THE PARIS UNIVERSITY MARCHING U THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES WITH BANNERS AND PICTURES, CLAMOURING "DE GAULLE AU POUVOIR." This demonstration was the only one o importance during the critical days when de Gaulle was challenging the power of the largest political party in France : the students— traditionally in the forefront of political debate—were clamouring for "Thorez to the State Prison! Vive de Gaulle!"

PICTURES from FRANCE

Demonstrations for De Gaulle

France Struggles Back in Housing and Reconstruction

AT THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE THE POLICE INTERVENED TO BREAK UP THE STUDENTS' DEMONSTRATION The more rowdy elements were sent flying as the gendarmes broke the procession. Police had been sen to important points near the Parliament building, and the crowd was forbidden to approach this too close

THE LEADER OF THE FRENCH COMMUNISTS : Maurice Thorez, forty-five-year-old ex-miner, who returned from Moscow in November 1944 to re-create the French Communist Party after the liberation of Paris. It is he who put up most of the opposition to General de Gaulle's plans for a new Ministry in France

OUTSIDE THE ISOLATED VILLA OCCUPIED BY GENERAL DE GAULLE : A demonstration by his supporters during the days of crisis. It was here that the General held conferences with his supporters and probable Ministers whilst engaged on the task of Cabinet-making

FRANCE FACES AN URGENT PROBLEM NEAR PARIS : THE PREFABRICATED VILLAGE AT NOISY-LE-SEC, the worst-damaged section of the Paris area. Cottages and houses in sections are assembled as soon as they arrive, on an immense and featureless stretch of ground where, already, some streets have been traced out. Houses from Sweden, Canada, America and England all rival the French houses for comfort and convenience. Here a Canadian-type cottage and a French villa are going up side by side

FRENCH HOUSE AT NOISY, which will have a garage in the basement; central heating by hot air; and insulated walls of wood-fibre and cement

RAIL TRAFFIC OPENS AGAIN between Paris and Le Havre, over the Malauney viaduct : Destroyed on August 24, 1944, by the Germans, this viaduct has now been repaired; it is here being tried out by two Pacific 931 engines with full loading. The length of this viaduct is 150 yards. It is the fourth to be restored by the French railroad company on the Paris-Le Havre line since Liberation Day

OTTO ABETZ ARRIVES IN PARIS—but this time as a prisoner : This picture was taken as he underwent interrogation at the police headquarters

On left—**ONE OF THE MOST MODERN HOSPITALS IN FRANCE is returned to the civil authorities :** The U.S. authorities have given back to France one of its biggest and most modern hospitals, the Hôpital Beaujon, in Clichy (a working-class and factory suburb of Paris). When it was handed back, most of the up-to-date equipment that had been brought over from the United States was left for the French

A RESCUE IN MID-PACIFIC

And Other Flying Pictures

THE HONOLULU CLIPPER AFTER SHE HAD BEEN FORCED DOWN AT SEA 700 MILES FROM LAND: An American seaplane tender attempts to salvage the aircraft after passengers and crew had been taken off, but is unsuccessful
(See story at right)

On left—

On November 3 the Honolulu Clipper, flying from Hawaii to the west of America, was forced down into the sea 700 miles to the north-east of Honolulu. The American seaplane tender *San Pablo* at once went to the rescue, and was successful in taking off both passengers and crew. The big flying-boat was unable to take off again, and the *San Pablo* then tried to salvage her by towing. This attempt came to an end when the Clipper was thrown against the ship's side in a heavy sea. The plane was eventually cast off and then sunk by gunfire. The search ships had been cruising around the spot for sixteen hours before the Clipper was located; there were twenty-three passengers on board bound for San Francisco

THE NEW FLYING-BOAT FOR THE EMPIRE ROUTES: How luggage and freight are taken aboard the new four-engined Sandringham

The new four-engined Sandringham flying-boat, which is expected to operate on the Empire routes, is now in production at the Short Brothers' works at Rochester, Kent. It is a civil version of the Sunderland flying-boat, which has given such excellent service with the R.A.F. Coastal Command. The structural differences between the military and civil versions are small, but in the Sandringham there is a complete rearrangement of the interior layout, giving comfortable accommodation for twenty-four passengers by day or sixteen by night, in addition to mail and freight. The Sandringham is powered by four Bristol Pegasus air-cooled radial engines; its normal weight is 52,980 lb., and its pay-load 7,600 lb. Its maximum weight is 56,000 lb. At that weight, the cruising speed is 199 m.p.h., at 4,750 ft., and the range is 1,578 miles. The service ceiling is 14,150 ft.

THE NEW SANDRINGHAM, THE CIVIL VERSION OF THE SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT: It has comfortable accommodation for twenty-four passengers by day and sixteen by night. Its cruising speed is 199 m.p.h. and its range is 1,578 miles. The Sandringham is being produced at the Rochester works of Short Brothers

On left—**THE LONGEST-RANGE JET-PROPELLED PLANE:** This is the twin-jet Fighter built by the Bell Aircraft Corporation in the United States. It is claimed to be the longest-range jet-propelled aeroplane in the world. It has a 53-ft. wing-span and is 44 ft. 10 ins. in length. The tail, upswept to clear the powerful jet blasts of the kerosene-burning engines, is approximately 15 ft. 3 ins. high at its uppermost tip. The armament consists of six 50-calibre machine-guns mounted in the nose, and the plane can carry a 2,000-lb. bomb under each wing. The cockpit is covered by a bubble canopy which affords the pilot unobstructed vision all round

THE "BLOOMER GIRLS."—A NEW IDEA IN UNIFORMS FROM THE FAR EAST: These Japanese nurses are seen on board the Jap hospital ship "Hikwaw Maru" as they waited off Wake, in the Pacific, for the arrival of 533 Japanese soldiers and seamen evacuated from the island on November 1 after the arrival of the U.S. Pacific Fleet and garrison forces. The quaint bloomer-like trousers are part of their regulation uniform

JAP WAR CRIMINALS

And other Pictures from the Far East

As in Germany, so in Japan, the leaders who plunged the nation into war are being held for eventual trial before an Allied Tribunal. The place of their temporary confinement is the Omori Prison Camp. This was where 400 Allied war prisoners were held by the Japs in huts which were filthy and vermin-infested. These have now been cleaned out, and high-ranking officers and ex-Cabinet Ministers occupy them. The wooden barracks are all uniform, with each "room" measuring 7 ft. by 12 ft. Each man is allowed clothes, blankets, books and a few other personal effects near his bunk: the Japs get good medical treatment, and good—but plain—food. The top-ranking prisoner is Tojo, Jap Premier at the time of Pearl Harbour, who attempted to commit suicide when the Americans went to arrest him

JAPS IN TOKYO MARCH PAST THE AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS FOR FOOD: A delegation of "the Japanese People's Starvation Assembly" is here seen marching past the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo—home of General MacArthur's staff officers. Headed by a banner bearer, they are on their way to the home of the new Japanese Premier to present a petition asking that General MacArthur suggest to President Truman that the United States send 4,000,000 tons of food to Japan. The petition demands that the food, if sent, be paid for by the "Jap wealthy classes"

THE FORMER JAP PRIME MINISTER, Hideki Tojo, completely recovered from his self-inflicted bullet wound, is held as a war prisoner at Omori Camp, Tokyo

AT OMORI PRISON CAMP: Vice-Admiral Yasataka Ueda (left), head of the Jap Geo-Political Institute, Colonel Akira Nagahama, and Lieut.-General Masaharu Homma (right), who ordered the "March of Death," eat a simple meal of fish and rice

MINISTERS OF THE JAPANESE "PEARL HARBOUR CABINET": From left to right—Vice-Admiral Kese Terashima, Minister of Transportation; Sadichi I. Suzuki, Minister of State; Nobosuke Kishi, Minister of Commerce; and Michelio Iwamura, Minister of Justice; playing "Go" (Japanese draughts) at Omori

FOREIGN NEWS in PICTURES

A Selection of Recent Views from America, Australia and the Continent

AUSTRALIAN COMMUNISTS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE DUTCH—AND ARE DRENCHED FOR THEIR PAINS : The scene on Woolloomooloo Wharf at Sydney as the demonstrators shouted their protests against the presence of Dutch troops on board the British liner "Stirling Castle." Many of the rioters were drenched after the Dutch had turned the ship's fire-hoses on them. Woolloomooloo Wharf, Sydney, was the scene of a wild riot recently, when men and women of the Communist Party, waterside workers and police clashed during a riot which lasted for half an hour. The demonstration started, according to the police, when 200 members of the Communist Party arrived at the wharf, where the British ship *Stirling Castle*, carrying Dutch troops, was berthed. A number of waterside workers joined the Communists, and booed and hooted the Dutch troops on board. The troops replied with cheers and Dutch national songs. Then, to add to the confusion, the Dutch played the ship's fire-hoses on to the demonstrators. It is reported that the Dutch troops were *en route* to the East Indies

A STREAM OF WATER FROM THE SHIP'S FIRE-HOSE drenches a woman demonstrator during the recent anti-Dutch riot at the Woolloomooloo Wharf in Sydney

WHAT RETURNING AUSTRALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR THINK OF THE GORDON BENNETT TRIAL : The Australian Army Headquarters, on October 30, issued a statement that Lieut.-General Gordon Bennett, former Commander of the Australian troops in Malaya, is not to be tried by the Military Tribunal investigating the circumstances of his escape after the surrender of Singapore. This is how men who were formerly under his command arrived back in Australia from P.O.W. camps. With a calico placard tied to the ship's railing, they shout praise for Lieut.-General Gordon Bennett as the hospital ship *Manunda* draws into the wharf at Woolloomooloo

COPENHAGEN ORGANISES A "FRENCH INTER-AID" DAY : The city of Copenhagen has just held a "French Inter-Aid" Day, during which all its ways and customs were transformed so that the whole town lived for one day "à la *Française*." All the extra profits made in all the shops of the town, the increase in tariffs imposed for that day for the benefit of France, the raising of collections—all were handed over to the Association of French Inter-Aid, for the children of France. This pile of copper roofing was torn down from the roof of his house in Copenhagen by a Danish dressmaker : it was minted at his own expense into 50,000 coins commemorating "Paris Day."

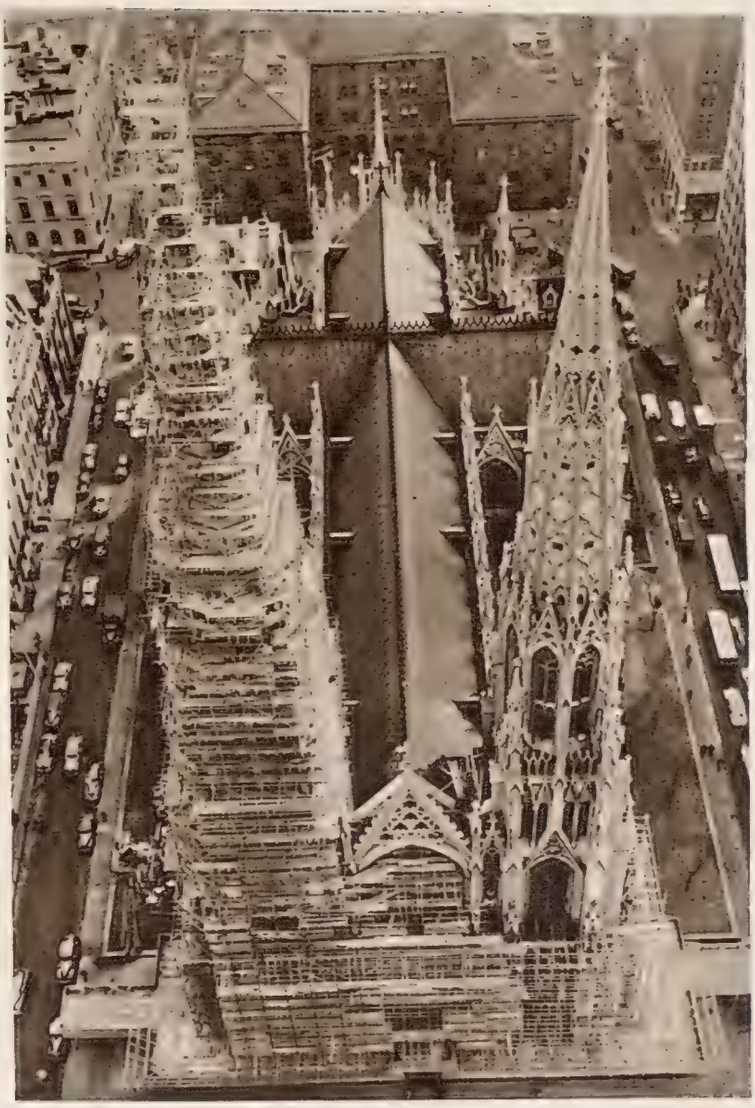
LORD ALANBROOKE VISITS PALESTINE AND TRANSJORDAN : With the Emir Abdullah on the steps of the Palace. From left to right are—Brigadier Glubb Pasha, Mr. A. S. Kirkbride, Major-General J. C. Darcy, the Emir, Lord Alanbrooke and General Sir Bernard Paget. Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, accompanied by General Sir Bernard Paget, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Forces, and Major-General J. C. Darcy, G.O.C., toured Palestine and Transjordan for two days in November. At the Transjordan frontier, the party was met by a guard of honour of the Arab Legion, formed up at Allenby Bridge. Glubb Pasha joined the party, which then proceeded to Amman, where the C.I.G.S. was met by Mr. Kirkbride, the Minister-Resident. The party were the guests of the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan at his Palace for lunch, and then left by air for Jerusalem

MONARCHISTS AND REPUBLICANS FIGHT IT OUT IN ROME : Italian upholders of the Monarchist regime held a Congress at the Quattre Fontane Theatre in Rome a few days ago. The Republicans held a counter-demonstration outside the theatre—and rioting ensued. One man was shot, and there were many who suffered minor injuries. The armed police had to be called in to quell the riot. This picture was taken outside the theatre

"CANNING" WEAPONS OF WAR IN THE UNITED STATES, in order to preserve them in storage: An American company has just perfected a new method of storing surplus war weapons by "canning" them. Its operation is here being explained to Major-General Henry Saylor (on left), Deputy Chief of Ordnance, and Colonel R. H. Bassett, District Chief of the Pittsburgh Ordnance District. In the picture, a gun-carriage is being enclosed in a nearly airtight container which resembles a small Nissen hut. The containers are filled with helium and with dry nitrogen after almost all the air has been sucked out. The nitrogen, an inert gas, prevents corrosion. The gun and its parts can later be set up and fired within two hours of removing the "can"

MRS. ORDE WINGATE MEETS MR. EDDIE CANTOR IN NEW YORK: Mrs. Orde Wingate is the widow of Major-General Wingate, of Burma. She is here seen with the famous American comedian (in serious mood) at the annual branch meeting of the New York Chapter of "Hadassah," the women's Zionist organisation of America. This was held at the Plaza Hotel, where they were speakers. Both participated in the raising of 130,000 dollars for the rescue and rehabilitation of Europe's refugees

ONLY ONE SURVIVOR FROM A SHIPWRECK OFF THE SWEDISH COAST: Five men lost their lives when the motor-ship *Delos* was shipwrecked in a heavy storm off the coast of Halsingland, off the north Swedish coast. Voluntary helpers joined in the dramatic work of rescue, and managed to bring ashore one sailor, Hilding Nilsson, as the sole survivor from the wreck. The rescue boat is here seen coming ashore. In the background is the wreck of the lost ship



SCAFFOLDING THIRTY-FOUR STOREYS HIGH TO REPAIR A FAMOUS CATHEDRAL BUILDING IN NEW YORK: After seventy-six years, the weatherbeaten exterior of the famous St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, is being repaired. Scaffolding thirty-four storeys high now covers the steeple and lower portion of the church. Working high above Fifth Avenue, workmen will replace the huge marble crosses on top of the steeples with crosses of cast aluminium, and repair and replace the damaged marble clocks. The work is expected to take over a year to complete

THE IDENTITY OF VALENTINO'S "LADY IN BLACK" IS REVEALED AFTER MANY YEARS: Marion Wilson, a former Ziegfeld Follies beauty (known on the stage as Marion Benda), is here seen with her nephew, Perry Combs, leaving Santa Monica Hospital, in California, where she was treated for an overdose of sleeping tablets. She has now been revealed as the mysterious "lady in black" who annually placed flowers upon the grave of the late Rudolph Valentino. She is said to have made the rounds of Broadway night-clubs with the film-actor on the night he was stricken with illness in 1926. Combs found Miss Wilson unconscious from the drug in her beach home

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME SEASON : Miss Alice Sherman, chief dress-maker for Emile Littler, the Pantomime King, who has been making dresses for the principal pantomime actresses for several years, is here finishing a dress for Cinderella at the Ball which is to be used in this year's production at a Coventry Theatre

A SCENE IN THE DRESSMAKING ROOM AT THE PANTOMIME HOUSE IN BIRMINGHAM, where hundreds of dresses are made for the pantomimes put on by Mr. Emile Littler

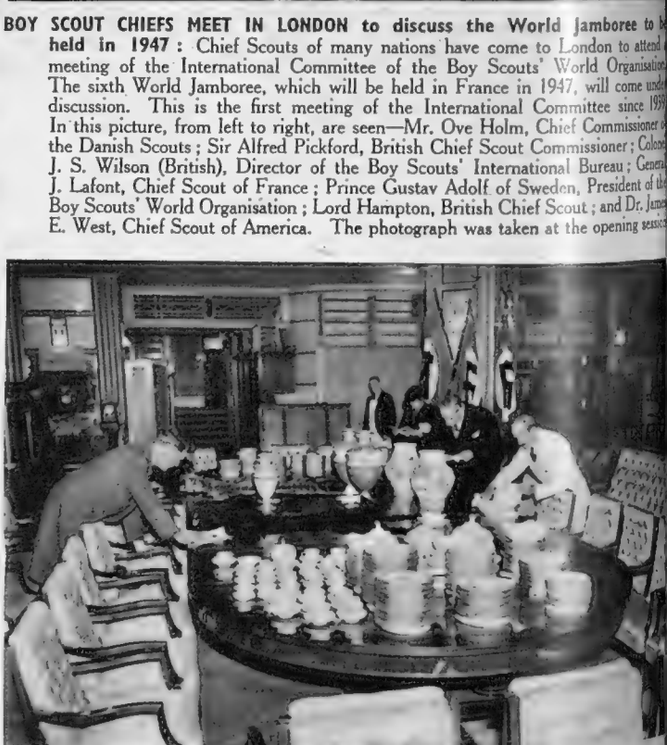
On the death of the late Julian Wylie, Mr. Emile Littler succeeded to the title of Britain's "Pantomime King." This year he is to present four of these Christmas attractions. The dresses for them are now being prepared at the Pantomime House in Birmingham, where work goes on all the year round and where dressmakers turn out all the glamorous costumes worn by the pantomime principals. Some 5,000 costumes are made each year, and in these hard times every inch of material is made to count. On some of the more gorgeous dresses there are some 30,000 sequins per dress—each of which is sewn on by skilled workers now released from the Forces

PEACETIME SCENES IN BRITAIN

Shown in Recent Photographs from London and the Provinces

ROYAL MARINES TURN HOUSE-BUILDERS : Repairing bomb-damaged houses in South-East London. Two platoons of the 26th Royal Marine Battalion have undertaken to repair a terrace of five-storey Victorian houses in Charlton Road, in South-East London, which were damaged by bombs during the Battle of Britain, and which were later wrecked by a flying bomb. A portion of the missile is still on the site. The 26th Battalion has been engaged on house repair since the days of the flying bombs; but the work in Charlton Road is the highest task they have undertaken yet. The two platoons comprise about sixty men, and by working at full pressure they hope to have the whole block ready in six-months time, when it should provide accommodation for fifty families

BOY SCOUT CHIEFS MEET IN LONDON to discuss the World Jamboree to be held in 1947 : Chief Scouts of many nations have come to London to attend meeting of the International Committee of the Boy Scouts' World Organisation The sixth World Jamboree, which will be held in France in 1947, will come under discussion. This is the first meeting of the International Committee since 193 In this picture, from left to right, are seen—Mr. Ove Holm, Chief Commissioner of the Danish Scouts; Sir Alfred Pickford, British Chief Scout Commissioner; Colonel J. S. Wilson (British), Director of the Boy Scouts' International Bureau; General J. Lafont, Chief Scout of France; Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, President of the Boy Scouts' World Organisation; Lord Hampton, British Chief Scout; and Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout of America. The photograph was taken at the opening session



THE GERMAN EMBASSY IS TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION : This photograph was taken at the Earl's Court Exhibition a few days ago. It shows some of the contents of the German Embassy, transferred from Carlton House Terrace, which were offered for sale by auction on November 26. Some of the china is here displayed on the famous 25-ft.-long Embassy conference table

LD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY RECEIVES THE HONORARY DEGREE OF LL.D. at St. Andrews University : When Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery visited St. Andrews to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University, he received an enthusiastic welcome from crowds of students, who attached ropes to his car and hauled it to University House to meet the Principal, Sir James C. Irvine. Here he is seen with Sir James (on right). In the centre left is Dr. Russell, the Chancellor's Assessor, and (right) Lady Irvine

HE SCHOOL WITH A MODEL RAILWAY : Instead of the usual paraphernalia of books, desks and blackboards, a beautiful model railway junction constitutes the chief feature of the G.W.R. School adjoining Royal Oak Station, near Paddington, where young G.W.R. railwaymen are instructed in safe railway working. Mr. H. F. Hardy (the G.W.R. Signals Examiner) is here seen taking a class of the would-be signalmen

A NEW HAT FROM FRANCE worn by Madame Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, at a recent gala matinee at the London Hippodrome in aid of funds for the French Resistance Movement

A MEET OF THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY at a famous Northamptonshire castle : The Woodland Pytchley met at Rockingham Castle, in Northamptonshire, a few days ago, when this picture was taken. Among the many distinguished visitors to the ancient castle of Rockingham was Charles Dickens, whose letters described the very enjoyable times he spent there as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Watson. Later he used Rockingham Castle, under the name of Chesney Wold, for some of the dramatic moments in *Bleak House*

THE AUSTRALIAN SOPRANO WHO HAS MADE A GREAT IMPRESSION ON LONDON MUSIC-LOVERS : Seated in her invalid chair during a concert at the Albert Hall. Miss Marjorie Lawrence is an Australian who has just made her appearance on the London concert platform. Once she used to dance while singing the song she is singing in this picture—"The Dance of the Seven Veils" from *Salome*. Now she can only sit and sing, after having been stricken with infantile paralysis in 1941. There is hope that she may one day dance again. She can stand at her singing rehearsals, but the strain is so great that she has to sit at public performances. Her husband usually wheels her on to the stage in an invalid chair. London audiences have been amazed at the power and beauty of her singing voice

INTRODUCING THE BLOUSE MADE OF NYLON : At a recent parade of clothes in London, a flying start was given to the drive to establish the blouse and skirt as a vogue for formal day-and-evening wear. This Dress Parade showed how extremely attractive and feminine they can be, especially when the blouse is fashioned from the newly-released wonder fabric, Nylon, which is infinitely better wearing, though softer, than silk

CHAMPIONS OF A TYPICALLY BRITISH BREED : The recent Open Show of Bulldogs at the Memorial Hall in Camden Town was the first held in London since before the war. It attracted several hundred entries; among them were these two possible post-war champions entered by Mr. H. F. Morley, of Beckenham, Kent. They are Tollington Tamara, aged three-and-a-half years (on left), and her son, nine-months-old Tollington Tovarich

A NEW PHASE in the BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY

Hollywood's Unrealistic and Outworn Products, Coupled with This Country's Precarious Dollar Position, Have Given British Films the Greatest Opportunity in Their History

By CHARLES GRAVES

THIS week, for the first time in the history of entertainment, there are four major English films showing simultaneously in the West End of London. They are *I Know Where I'm Going, Brief Encounter, The Wicked Lady* and *Latin Quarter*. What is more, there are eight other major English films ready to take their place when the time comes. These are *Cæsar and Cleopatra, The Rake's Progress, Caravan, Lovers' Meeting, Pink String and Sealing Wax, The Overlanders, Carnival* and *Beware of Pity*.

This is only the beginning of an entirely new phase in the picture industry, for which there are two primary reasons. The first is that the Government has suddenly woken up to the fact that, in spite of our parlous dollar position, Hollywood is being allowed to take over £17,000,000 out of this country's cinemas this year. Speeches are being made in the House of Commons by Socialists, as well as Conservatives, in favour of limiting U.S. importations and aiding the English film industry. The second is that American pictures are beginning to lose their appeal for a public which, much as it desires escapist entertainment, revolts from the merely meretricious. Hollywood directors and producers have never, as a whole, heard a shot fired in anger. In their hothouse existence they seem to have lost touch with real life. They appear to have no new ideas, nor contact with the present-day taste in entertainment of our battered, realistically-minded populace.

Technicolor musical comedies and gangster pictures will always have box-office appeal, and these are two types of picture which the English studios neither can nor aim to emulate. But when it comes to straight pictures, the public is tiring rapidly of the vapid plots about borrowed wives and mistaken identities which emanate from Hollywood. This feeling is accentuated by the recollection of the self-glorifying U.S. war films with which Londoners have been nauseated for so long.

At the present moment, the biggest box-office hit in Great Britain is the English picture *The Seventh Veil*. It is even outdoing the famous combination of Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour in their various "Road" comedies.

Ever since the dawn of history there has been a recurrence of a certain dilemma in different guises. In the days of the Roman Emperors it was—Bread or Circuses? In the days of the Nazis it was—Guns or Butter? To-day it is—American Movies or Beefsteaks? At a time when the Government sets its face against the Newspaper Proprietors Association spending a mere £2,000,000 a year on Canadian newsprint in order to double the size of the present-day national newspapers, it seems fantastic that Mr. Dalton can continue to permit the annual outgoing of so many million pounds for U.S. picture receipts, especially when a flourishing English film industry could produce such admirable returns from overseas box-offices.

But there are further aspects of the matter. Trade used to follow the Flag. Now it follows the Talkie. The whole world has been impregnated with American ideas of life and all that goes with it—homes, furniture and motor-cars, for example. The fact that the average New York flat or Chicago boarding-house bears no resemblance in real life to its glamorous presentation on the screen is not the point—except for the thousands of English girls who have married U.S. troops over here during the war and are now due, poor dears, for sad disillusionment. No: the point is that people all over the world have become familiar with, and want to buy, various goods automatically shown in U.S. pictures.

Sir Stafford Cripps, of all people, must be most fully aware of this fundamental fact. It is he who should urge the greatest possible priority for the de-requisitioning of studio space, the early release from the Army of skilled film technicians, and the manufacture of the best possible camera and sound equipment for the film industry as a whole. At present, English pictures are still being "shot" with seven-year-old cameras, although our optical glass is the best in the world. Over 60 per cent. of studio space is still cluttered up with Government and Service stores and officials, while the shortage of key men is quite appalling. And yet the public has at long last come to the conclusion that, instead of avoiding an English picture (if an American one is available), it is preferable to try the home-grown product—not for patriotism, mind you, but purely for its entertainment value.

It has taken many painful years to achieve this. Michael Balcon first rang the bell for English pictures in the early '30's with *Sunshine Susie* and *Evergreen*; Korda followed with *Henry VIII, The Ghost Goes West, Sanders of the River* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. But these were spasmodic successes. The continuity of good English pictures did not really begin until six or seven years ago with *49th Parallel*. Since then we have had *In Which We Serve, Henry V, The Way Ahead, The Way to the Stars, This Happy Breed, Dead of Night, Madonna of the Seven Moons, Waterloo Road* and many more. The present target of the English film industry is immediately to double its annual output of fifteen major films and then to double it again. In the very near future the Pinewood and Beaconsfield Studios will be de-requisitioned. These will provide additional floor-space for another twenty major pictures per annum. Nor will there be any trouble now in finding the script-writers, directors, producers or actors. England has always been rich in actors. We have exported such stars as Charlie Chaplin, Cary Grant, Ronald Colman and Bob Hope. We now have a new generation of English stars—John Mills, James Mason, Michael Redgrave, Stewart Granger and a dozen more. In some cases their fan mail runs to over 1,000 letters a week—unheard of in this country before the war.

Among the subjects from which they will make pictures in the next eighteen months are Radar, the life of C. B. Cochran, the life of Steve Donoghue, the life of Marlborough (by Winston Churchill), the life of Talleyrand (by Duff-Cooper), "The village which voted the world was flat" (by Rudyard Kipling), Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress, Dandy* (the story of Beau Brummel), *The Trial of Madeleine Smith, Hungry Hill, Odd Men Out, Nicholas Nickleby* and *Hue and Cry*.

But how are these pictures going to break into the world market and earn money for us overseas? The answer is that the Dominions are thirsting for good English pictures, particularly in Australia and New Zealand. As for the United States, they will have to be tackled quite differently. The income from British films shown to the American public has always been negligible. And the war has made things worse. One or two pictures, like *In Which We Serve* and *Target for To-night*, were given a fair showing, but 90 per cent. of English pictures never reach the first-run cinemas in the United States.

It is frankly a trade war between the two countries, with Hollywood doing all the attacking and preventing any infiltration tactics on our part, but the solution is, fortunately, fairly simple. Next year, when there will at last be a reasonable number of major English films, it should be possible to arrange with exhibitors that English pictures will be allowed to run for a complete week on the usual bi-weekly programmes, and for a fortnight at the cinemas where the programme was previously changed weekly. In this way the number of U.S. pictures imported into this country can be cut smartly by half. And the survivors will need to be pretty good.

At present, the U.S. can afford to make "B" pictures in which both directors and cast are trained at the expense of the British film-going public on whom they are dumped. This action will have a sobering effect on Hollywood, which relies on anything from 20 to 40 per cent. of its profits per picture from the British market. And a cut of this proportion might well compel the American picture industry to give more of what is called playing-time to English pictures in the United States.

In the meantime, English film companies have learnt how to make really good pictures. They are now learning how to make them more quickly and less expensively (the twelve English pictures which will have been shown to West End audiences between now and Christmas cost over £3,000,000). But when one considers the appalling difficulties under which the studios have been working during the war—the lack of dress coupons, the lack of stage carpenters and, worse still, the lack of wood with which to make the sets, the black-out and the continual risk of sound sequences being spoiled by low-flying aircraft—it is safe to guess that they can make pictures in future in less time and at a smaller cost. Above all they now have the good will of the public, which could easily be crystallised by a joint advertising and publicity campaign of the producers to encourage film-goers to see good English films rather than imported pictures from Hollywood.

FRANCES DAY IN NEW YORK: She is seen dining at the Stork Club with Victor Payne Jennings, formerly a leading British producer and now active in the New York theatrical world

ARRIVAL AT HOLLYWOOD: Rex Harrison and his wife, Lilli Palmer, well-known British stage and screen stars, seen on their arrival in America's film city, where Rex Harrison has signed a contract to play

RETURN TO THE CINEMA SCREEN: Norma Shearer, sporting the latest in hair styles, with her husband, Naval Lieutenant Marty Arronge. Miss Shearer will shortly return to Hollywood to resume her film career

THE CHORUS GIRL WHO BECAME A PANTOMIME "PRINCESS," with the "Pantomime King," Mr. Emile Littler: Nineteen-year-old Mary Meredith, of Dartford, Kent, hitherto an unknown chorus girl, is to play Principal Girl opposite Binnie Hale, the Principal Boy, in Emile Littler's pantomime *Aladdin*, at the Cambridge Theatre. Miss Meredith, who has been appearing in the chorus of *Sigh No More*, at the Piccadilly, has been released from her contract by Mr. Noel Coward to enable her to take advantage of this opportunity

THE RUMBA DANCER IN ACTION: Joyce Colleano, spectacular dancer, pictured during her act in the Royal Command Performance at the London Coliseum. This was one of the silent acts, the savour of which was missed by the millions of radio listeners, notwithstanding the expertness with which the show was described by the commentators

THE BOY WHO SEES "VISIONS"

Amazing Scenes in New York Around the Shrine Where a Bronx Boy Has "Seen and Talked to the Virgin Mary"

THE BOY PRAYS AT THE SCENE OF HIS VISION IN THE BRONX: While a light drizzle soaks thousands of onlookers, nine-year-old Joseph Vitola kneels before an improvised altar atop a rock formation in a Bronx site, and prays at the scene where he claims to have seen and talked with "visions" of the Virgin Mary. Thousands of devout persons are visiting the scene in hopes of witnessing a recurrence of the "vision." Meanwhile, except for an occasion such as pictured here, Joseph is confined to his home because neighbours and pilgrims insist in snipping locks from his hair and kissing his hand

JOSEPH VITOLA IS CARRIED THROUGH THE CROWDS after the meeting, when 15,000 persons gathered to witness the predicted vision of the Virgin Mary and the appearance of a spring of water on the sixteenth consecutive night of the boy's vigil

HUNDREDS KEEP VIGIL WHERE YOUNG VITOLA "SAW THE VIRGIN": Hoping for a recurrence of the "vision" of the Virgin Mary, which nine-year-old Joseph Vitola claims to have seen, this crowd gathered in the rain at a vacant site between Villa Avenue and Grand Concourse, in the Bronx. The boy said he has had several conversations with the "Vision"

A MAN SUFFERS A STROKE AT THE SITE OF THE "VISION": Crowds rushed to assist a man, his body stiffened and his eyes looking heavenwards, as he suffered a stroke during the recent meeting when the appearance of a spring of water was predicted by young Joseph Vitola

On November 15 last, a crowd of 15,000 people thronged and milled around an improvised shrine on a piece of waste ground in the Bronx district of New York, where a nine-year-old Italian boy claimed to have "seen and talked to the Virgin Mary" every night for two weeks. The son of a labourer, Joseph Vitola is the youngest of seven children. He said that, on the second night, the Virgin asked him to return each night for sixteen nights, and on the sixteenth she would appear on a ledge where a grotto should be built.

In expectation of seeing this miracle, dense crowds flocked to the spot. Many came from distant parts. By the light of candles, little Joseph knelt on a blanket of flowers reverently placed by believers in front of the shrine.

Among the watchers were scores of sick persons and cripples, who pressed forward to touch the lad in the hope of a miraculous cure.

According to neighbours, Joseph was like any other lad of his age until he reported seeing his first vision on October 29. Since then he has been under such a strain that he has been unable to attend school. Despite the similarity of this vision to that in the motion picture *The Song of Bernadette*, based on the miracle of Lourdes (in which a young French peasant girl sees the Virgin at a spot where later a well appears), young Joseph says he has not seen the film

On right—**A WOMAN WHO FAINTED DURING THE MEETING is carried upstairs to her home near by. She was one of 15,000 who gathered to witness the "revelation"**

THE MARKET IN MIDDLESEX STREET: It still shows "a vista of many-coloured dinginess," but the crowded scene in the narrow City street seems very far away from the days before Middlesex Street was "Petticoat Lane"—when it was still Hog Lane, where gentlemen of the Court of King James I built their houses, "for the sake of the sweet and wholesome air"

SUNDAY MORNING IN "PETTICOAT LANE"

—One of the Sights of London

One of the mostly lively sights in post-war London on Sunday mornings is "Petticoat Lane": it has for long been a favourite with our American and Colonial visitors in the Forces. It runs between Bishopsgate and Aldgate, under the official designation of Middlesex Street. The market, however, overflows from that street into the lanes and alleys that run out of it.

The market has a very ancient history: in some ways it cannot have changed greatly in 200 years, but in others it is completely different. When Mayhew (one of the first editors of *Punch*) wrote of it in the early nineteenth century, he described it as "two or three miles of old clothes"—counting the alleys and rows of goods on the ground. It was like looking down a vista of many-coloured garments, he said, "a vista of dinginess, but a many-coloured dinginess." For in those days "Petticoat Lane" was known as the old-clothes district of London.

Nowadays, however, the clothes you can buy on Sunday mornings are almost all new goods, and you can make almost every imaginable kind of purchase into the bargain. The market seems to have fallen heir to the much wider scope of the old "Rag Fair," which used to be held in the neighbouring Rosemary Lane, and catered for every type of requirement. Besides clothes, you can buy laces and muslins and shiny artificial silks, and furs and hats and boots and shoes. There are pots and pans and tin kettles and cutlery and scissors; there are glasses and china ornaments and even second-hand furniture and toys. In one of the alleys there is a livestock market. Here, there are crates of live chickens and ducks, waiting to have their necks wrung for the table. There are tipsters and conjurers and weight-lifters and quacks; there are glib-tongued gentlemen of every sort to charm the pennies out of your pockets.

Just as it was in the "Rag Fair" 200 years ago, the medley of wares is piled on stalls and barrows and racks and old kitchen-chairs: some are strewn on the ground, some are laid on straw. And among the display, the buyers and sellers "smoke, shout, doze, bargain and wrangle," just as they did in Mayhew's day, and a hundred years before.

A CLOTHES STALL IN THE MARKET, where all tastes are catered for and where prices are made to suit every purse. Clothes are sold in a number of the side-streets which run off from "Petticoat Lane" proper

A YOUNG AND SPELLBOUND "FAN" peers with awe into the face of a mysterious visitor from the East, as he apparently prepares to perform some variant of "Spot the Lady" on his open-air pitch

THIS MARKET "DOCTOR" DRESSES THE PART AS CAREFULLY AS HIS PROTOTYPE IN HARLEY STREET: Instead of a tastefully-decorated consulting-room and butler, however, he employs the more eye-catching device of a stomach interior—which he doctors for various complaints!

A SALESMAN COLLECTS A LARGE AUDIENCE as he extols the virtues of his shirts for sale: His "story" is part of the morning's attraction for the visitors to the market

ANOTHER SALESMAN PROUDLY DISPLAYS HIS STOCK: Frequently, buyers are enabled to make purchases of articles which are not always available in shops in other parts of London

THE ESCAPOLOGIST IS PREPARED BY HIS ASSISTANT for a demonstration of his mysterious capabilities. He has nothing to sell, but hopes to collect the coppers and small silver of his interested audience. The entertainment provided by these shows in the open air is part of the attraction of "Petticoat Lane" on Sunday morning

THE HABERDASHER SETS UP HIS STALL OF INVALUABLE BITS AND PIECES ON A RICKETY LITTLE TABLE, or on a pile of stones, or sometimes just on a piece of waste ground: The market is full of such stands as these, each of which seems to do a good trade

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LAST BOOK OF A GREAT HUMORIST

Stephen Leacock's Happy Stories; War in the Little Ships; Fairy-Tale for Grown-Ups; Dons and Murders

HAVING been brought up, as I still hold all the best young readers should be, on the works of Stephen Leacock, I read his **HAPPY STORIES** (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) with a particular wistfulness, since this was his last book, the very last collection of short stories and "pieces" from his pen.

There is, however, nothing else that is mournful about this writing: on the contrary, it is as light-hearted and exhilarating as his *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* or *Moonbeams from a Larger Lunacy*. This is not the tough, sardonic, brilliant wit of a Benchley or a Perelman. It is as effective in humour, but it is more kindly. Its occasional heaven-sent craziness is the quality that it has most in common with the later masters.

Quotation is almost inevitable in such a connection, but as it happens, Stephen Leacock's wit often defied quotation. Like a finely-tuned radio, his writing is still susceptible to atmospherics, and those correspond to the mood he induces in his reader. A line of Sydney Smith's, even his often quoted "I have heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator," remains a constant. But aren't there such things as variable constants? Such were the best *mots* of Stephen Leacock, who often achieved, like his English forerunner, a riotous humour, but, in a great number of cases, through a cumulative technique.

This, let it be clearly understood, is no apologia for the writer, but possibly for one's own sense of what is funny and what is not, since that, after all, is the prime business of the humorist.

Take his Baffy Sims, for instance, a man "impervious to women," who yet ended up in a matriarchal household; or his Mr. Alldone, whose saga is prefaced by these words: "I feel ashamed now to think of the things we used to worry over." . . . . Soliloquy of Any Old Man, followed by "What the Devil's wrong with this coffee?" Or the magnificent session with Mrs. Beeton, proving conclusively to some readers that there was a Mr. Beeton, but that his life was less than enviable, and that her "Take a dozen eggs" approach to cookery would have been immutable, even in austerity times.

There are some humorists whom one can appreciate, and even laugh with, to the point of mild hysteria. There are a rare few with whom one laughs immoderately but who also become one's personal friends. Of such was Sydney Smith. Of such was Stephen Leacock.

Miss Oriel Malet's novel is not necessarily the "experiment in time" that the publishers claim it to be, but it is a charming, light little fantasy, told very simply and, if not childishly, at least as if *to* a child. **MY BIRD SINGS** (Faber. 8s. 6d.) begins and ends with a young girl looking into the depths of an antique mirror, and dreaming or imagining that she can see more there than the reflection of the room in which she is standing. By a natural sequence—that is, a sequence that is natural to a novelist—time slides back a hundred years, and the scene alters from England to France, and a little village near the Loire, dominated by its small chateau.

In the village live three little girls of mysterious parentage, looked after strictly but adequately by the village clockmender, who is perpetually cross, and his second wife, who is always busy. Pauline, at twelve, is self-contained but consumed with ambition: to leave the village; to leave the kind of life she knows; to marry brilliantly and to make a life for herself in what she thinks of as a more suitable sphere. Her younger sister, Camille, is pretty, too, but with a wild shyness that hides a loyal little character. As for the baby, Cosette, she has still never spoken at three, and Camille longs for some miracle that will come to break her silence.

In the chateau, for which their foster-parents are caretakers, hangs an old mirror to which they are all consciously or unconsciously drawn and which reflects some of the most important moments of their lives. For instance, when the new *chatelaine*, Mélanie, comes to live there and gradually takes over the education and guardianship of the children, it is in the room where the glass hangs, that most of the events take place that change all their lives. Most, but not all, which must always be the weakness of stories with this particular construction, if we except *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*.

The girls grow up, make friends, one of them an old Englishwoman known as Mlle. Figue, one of them a travelling showman with a marionette theatre; and they fall in love. They are educated with varying success and married in the same way, one of them bringing the mirror to this country when she sets up house with her English husband. None of their actions, and none of their circumstances are violent. Everything in their story moves with the calm inevitableness of a fairy-story, and about as much conviction.

It is a pretty little tale. If I had caught the spirit of it a little more closely, I would say that it smelled of pot-pourri and *peau d'espagne*. And if its utter unreality does not bother you, it is a tale that you will find gently diverting—in these days when diversion is so necessary!

MR. G. P. GRIGGS, author of "The Readiness is All," a stirring novel of the exploits of a Motor-Torpedo-Boat during the war, reviewed in the accompanying article

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," BY J. F. HERRING, SENR.: Formerly the property of the Earl of Harewood, this picture of one of the greatest racehorses in history is now on view in London for the first time for nearly fifty years at 18, Berkeley Street, W.1, by courtesy of the owner, Mr. Geoffrey D. S. Bennett, the well-known hackney horse show judge and connoisseur of sporting pictures. What is probably the finest, and certainly one of the largest pictures in British sporting art, is this spirited and magnificent painting by J. F. Herring, Senr., "The Flying Dutchman," the wonderful horse who won the Derby and St. Leger in 1849, the Ascot Gold Cup in 1850, and many other prizes, and was only beaten once in his brilliant career, and that was when his jockey was drunk. The picture shows "The Dutchman" galloping on Newmarket Heath, with his jockey, Marlowe, up. It is brilliant in colouring and action, and measures 8 ft. by 4 ft. It hung for some time in Herring's own house, Meopham Park, Kent. Later it was owned by that famous sporting personality, Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, who raced as "Mr. Manton," and was always said to have wanted to marry Fred Archer. At her death it fetched the highest price of all her pictures, and was bought by Mr. James E. Platt, owner of the great sire, Kendal. He loaned it to the Victorian Era Exhibition held in London in 1897. After that it hung for many years at Egerton House, Newmarket, where lived "Dick" Marsh, trainer to King Edward VII and King George V. Lord Harewood owned it for a time. Now it is the property of Mr. Geoffrey D. S. Bennett, the hackney horse expert and amateur judge of sporting pictures, who, it will be remembered, sold Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the publisher, the nucleus of the collection of sporting pictures which Mr. Hutchinson intends as the beginning of a British National Sporting Gallery. Mr. Bennett, who is a grandson of the late Sir John Risdon Bennett, President of the Royal College of Physicians and son of a well-known West End doctor, is a familiar Edwardian figure in St. James's with an inevitable red carnation and a Newmarket style of dressing which has a pleasantly pre-war flavour. He owns Starwort, as well as a wonderful collection of pictures. "The Flying Dutchman" is now on public view at the Berkeley Street showrooms of Jack Olding, Ltd., by courtesy of Mr. Olding, who is as well known as a racehorse owner as he is in the motor-car world. It is stated that an Indian ruler and a body of well-known South American sportsmen are both interested in the picture

I could never, I think, be wholly discouraged from reading thrillers, but I was a little daunted some time ago by a brilliant drawing of Mr. Gluyas Williams', one of a series in which he was exploring and illustrating the reading habits of the public. This particular sketch dealt with the mystery novel and showed, as I remember it, a rather scrubby little man reading in bed, the clock pointing to three in the morning, the bed-clothes in a tangled heap, the floor littered with cigarette ends, and the reader chewing his finger-nails with excitement as he read, ". . . no, it could not have been after dinner, because the stable clock had struck only seven times while he was still speaking to Hodgson. Now, if it had been before, why had Rupert said . . . etc.,"

The matter of the book seemed to me then perfectly appropriate (although I can't now recall the exact words used for the caption), but I was more than a little shaken by this presentation of what might well have been me. There, but for the grace of Holmes, went I.

I have persevered, however, with this type of reading, mainly because it was a pleasure to me, and for no more praiseworthy motive. And this week I am able to bring to your notice yet another good detective story, in **THE CAMBRIDGE MURDERS** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). In spite of a few clumsy sentences, such as this record-breaker, uttered by a lady in a high state of emotion, it is a well-contrived story.

"He has forfeited for ever," cries the pretty accessory-after-the-fact, "his presumption of innocence in whatever criminal circumstances he may be remotely involved." "Please, Mrs. Landon," says her interlocutor, and "Please, Mr. Dilwyn Ress," say I. In other respects, though, Mr. Rees has written a commendable tale of mystery without much horror, and has created some very sensible detectives, and a real character in the greedy don. The time and setting have nothing to do with the war.

It seems that we are now going through a stage when to label a book a "war novel" may dim the brightness of its chances. Such a mood will not last, and while it does is very understandable, but it would be a pity if a very temporary disinclination to read about war scenes prevented a great number of people from reading Mr. G. P. Griggs' novel, **THE READINESS IS ALL** (Hamish Hamiton. 9s. 6d.).

For this is, primarily, a novel about people not war, although war in its most primitive forms, of blitz in London and battles at sea, is an essential part of it. The author has himself served for eight years in the Royal Navy: this is his first novel, and I hail it with as much assurance as a critic can ever have, as being the first work in the career of a real writer. His style may change, and I hope it will in time discard some tiresome near-Hemingwayisms, an unconstructive use of repetition and a mania for step-by-step detail. But the talent is there, and it is a delight to find it and to applaud it.

Mr. Griggs writes of the small company of an M.T.B., all of them very young men, constantly at sea, and almost as constantly in aggressive action between the East Anglian coast and Holland. Only the circumstances of refuelling and re-fitting their little craft bring them back to base at twenty-four- or thirty-six-hour intervals, after merciless banging about in the rough weather and cross-seas which their vulnerable, high-speed boats have to endure.

When the young men are on leave—a spacious holiday of as much as two-and-a-half days—they look for diversion, and they have to find it quickly. That is not to say that they are content with the fourth-rate, or that they take their pleasures brutally, but speed is of the essence, and there is little time for the careful approach, or the long-planned introduction. To-morrow may never come. ". . . *the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*"

You will enjoy this book and be moved by it.

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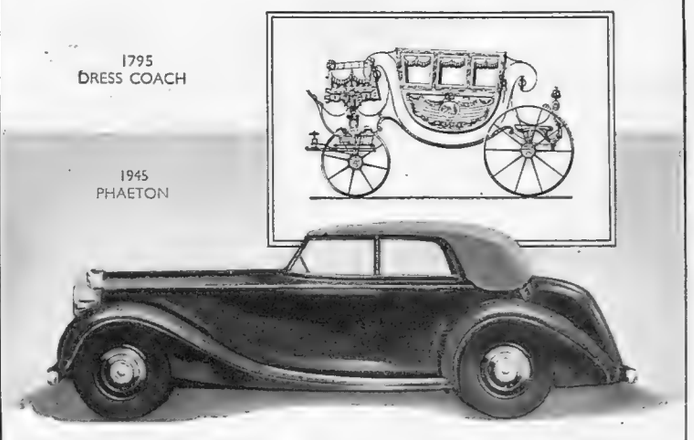

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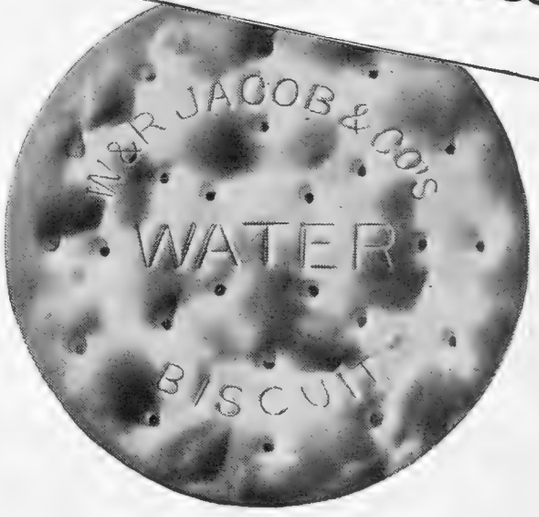

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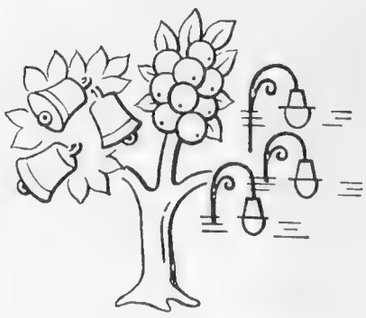

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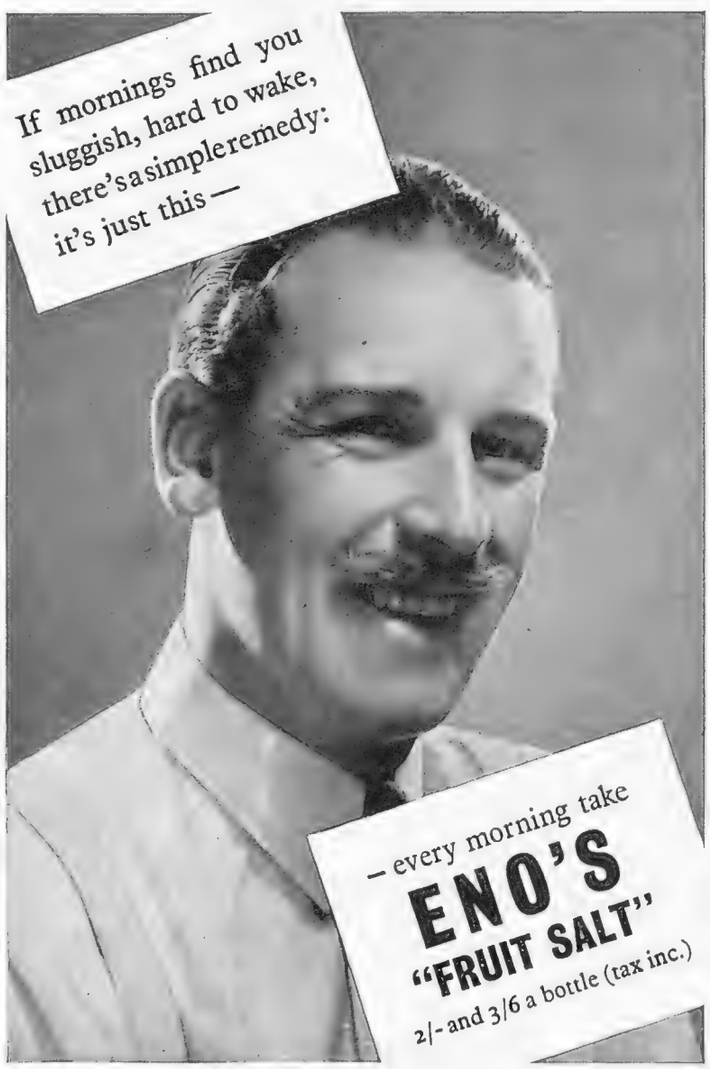
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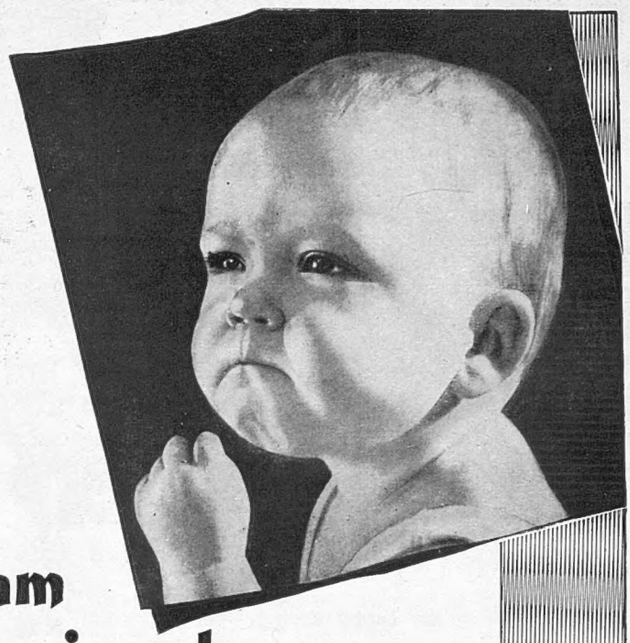

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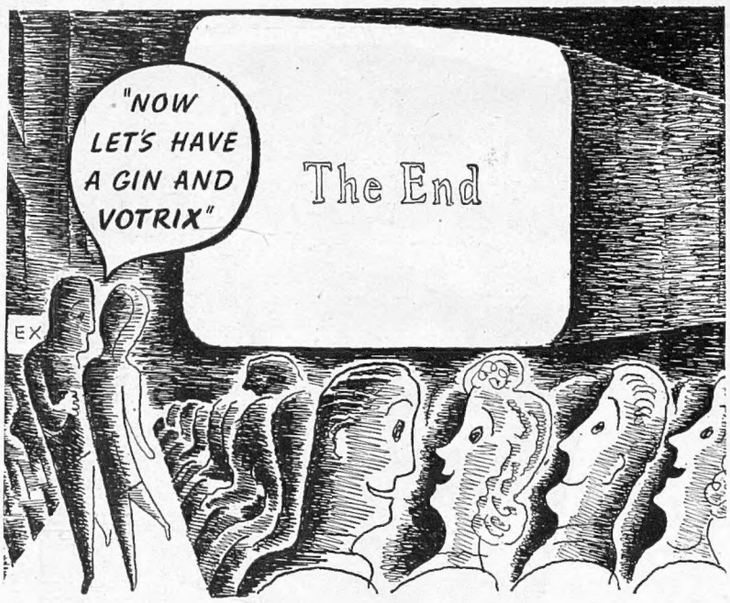

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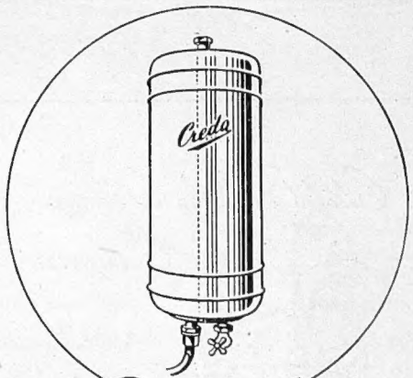

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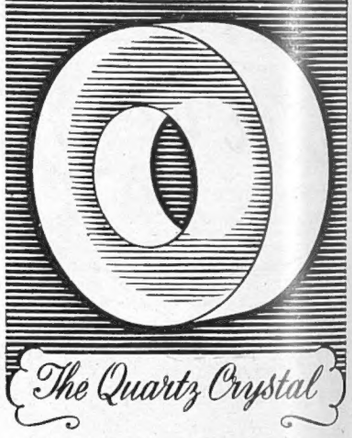

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Note these Facts

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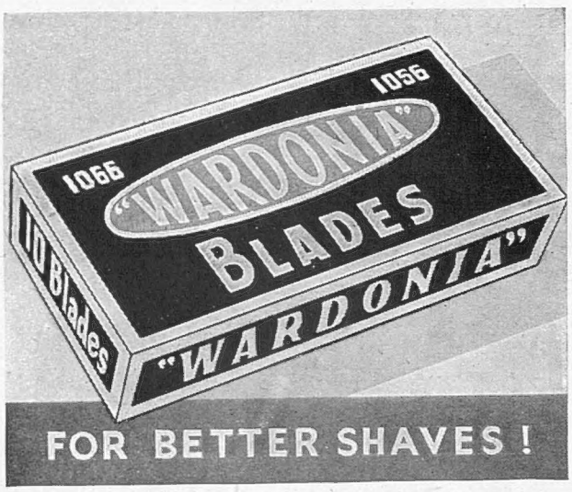

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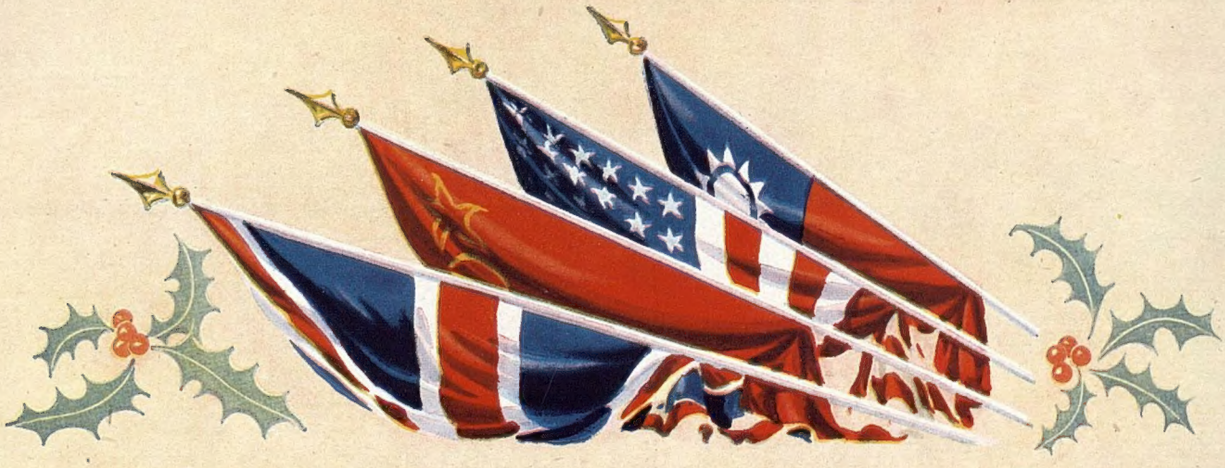

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